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**POSTHUMOUS PARODIES.**

To Horace Smith Esq.  
From his obliged Friend  
The Author.

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W. POPE,  
67, Chancery Lane, London.

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# POSTHUMOUS PARODIES

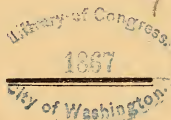
AND

## Other Pieces,

COMPOSED BY SEVERAL OF OUR

MOST CELEBRATED POETS,

BUT NOT PUBLISHED IN ANY FORMER EDITION OF THEIR  
WORKS.



LONDON :

PRINTED FOR JOHN MILLER, 25, BOW-STREET,  
COVENT GARDEN.

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1814.

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H. M. 6 Aug. 29.

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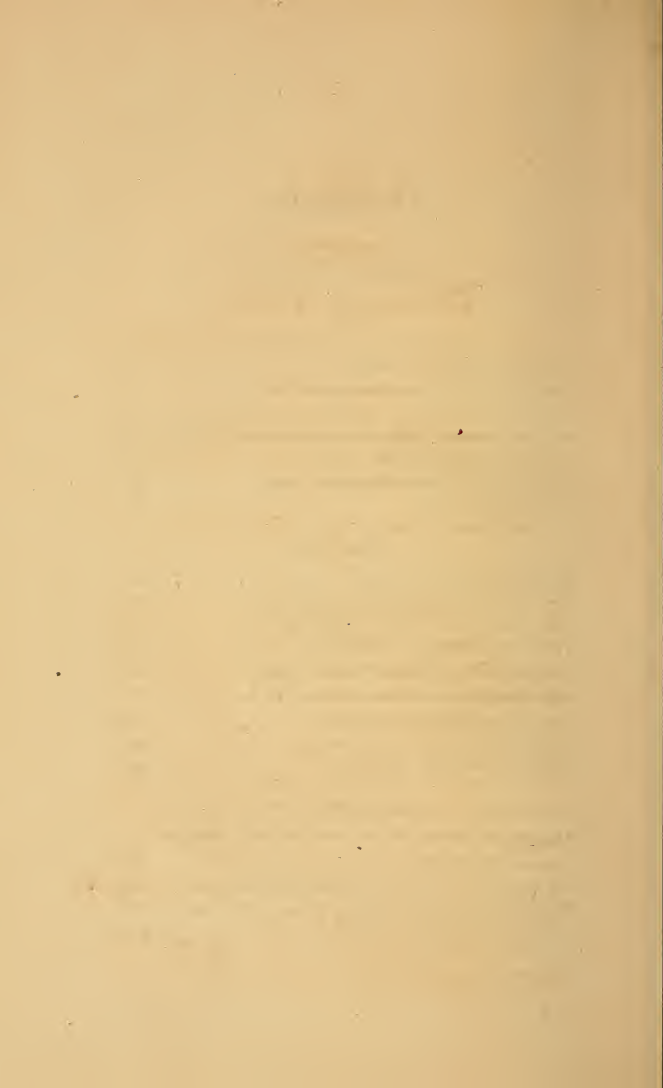
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## PART I.

---

### Prefatory Paper,

BY THE SHADE OF MR. ADDISON.

---

Quæ gratia—vivis,

———— eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 653, 4, 5.

---

*Shakspeare.—Milton.—Dryden.—Pope.—Thomson.—  
Collins.*

LEST my readers, and more especially the fair part of them, be startled to find themselves thus accosted from another world, I take the freedom in the first place, to assure them that I am a peaceable and altogether inoffensive ghost. In the many private transactions whereat I have been present unseen, I have ever observed a strict discretion. The secrets of the rouge-pot are as safe with me as with my lady's own woman: and when I have found a lover in the closet of a dame of quality, I have taken no more notice, than her husband himself would have done of a like accident.

Our Queen, Proserpine, being, as every body knows, obliged entirely to the poets for her throne



and title, and taking likewise, in her capacity of Moon, (*a*) no little share in their inspiration, hath ever distinguished the whole brotherhood of us with her singular grace : and from time to time, by her intercession with her grim spouse, one or other of us hath the liberty of paying a visit to the upper sphere. All the condition set upon us is only this ; that, on our return, we shall make such corrections in our most popular works, as modern men and things may appear to need. For the sake of mutual help in these our reforms, a dozen of us have united of late into a society, (*b*) of which I have been appointed (together with Dr. Samuel Johnson) to be the joint Secretary, or Recorder. And it may be convenient, if, by way of introduction to the pieces now revised and put forth, I prefix a short catalogue of their authors, the six senior members of our club ; persons who, though born in different ages, do nevertheless marvellously harmonise and agree : insomuch, that a sincerer friendship is hardly to be met with at Court, or even among beauties themselves.

The first of our society is a worthy of Warwickshire, of good note, a dramatist, his name William Shakspeare. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his way of thinking and writing : so that

---

(*a*) Terret, Iustrat, agit, Proserpina, Luna, Diana.

(*b*) See Spectator, end of No. 1.

I know of none who has been able to come up to his manner herein, no, not after the best diligence that could be used. He is hasty, nevertheless, and vastly careless; yet of so rich a fancy, reaching into all subjects and passions wherewith the nature of humanity is conversant, that even among persons of such high parts as I am about to mention, he is deservedly looked up to as the most topping of all.

The poet of next seniority amongst us is Mr. John Milton. But of his merits I have in my lifetime discoursed so largely, that I need not dwell here on the commendation of him. (c)

Then we have Mr. Dryden, a writer of great understanding, who shall write you an ode of the loftiest sentiment, or a satire of a profound and caustic raillery, with almost like spirit and success. I have known more good writers made by the study of him, than of any other model that shall be mentioned. In some part of his life, he was much in the company of my Lord Dorset, and others of the nobility: and hath mainly contributed to the handing down of the names of those prudent patricians, who else might have chanced to be no more considered after their deaths. For the titles

---

(c) See Spectator, No. 267, and the papers of the several Saturdays immediately following.

of the great indeed profit them largely in present honour, as it were an annuity, making the holder very wealthy for his life-time ; but it is genius alone, which, like an estate of freehold, though its immediate advantage be less, returns a never-ending profit through all generations.

After him in order of time, we have Mr. Alexander Pope : a gentleman of rare sense, taste, wit, and skill in verse. He may well be set down as being, more than almost all authors, the Poet of Reason : and I esteem it no mean praise, that things, theretofore so far apart as Reason and Poetry, should in him so aptly have coalesced and set off one the other.

For a fine vision of Nature's beauties, and a happy choice of ornaments and episodes, there are not many that have surpassed our next member, Mr. Thomson.

I beg pardon—I had almost forgot to speak of Mr. Collins. The cloud which once overcast his mind hath passed away, and his fine parts again shine forth. Howbeit he must be held to be of lesser note than some I have before described.

I speak not of our six junior members ; because it will fall to my colleague's turn to enumerate them, when he shall bring forth those of their productions, whereof the publication is confided to

his care. However, it were almost too much to expect in either of us the perfection of later judges, who have carried the art of criticism to such a pitch of excellence, as that no mixture whatsoever of commendation is any longer let in, to weaken its spirit and effect. For my own part, I am wonderfully pleased with this improvement; for it helps the main end of criticism, to wit, to make the public laugh. And what authour can be so blind to his own real interests, as not to discern, how much more truly those are his friends who point out his errors, than who puff up his vanity ?

I know not how it hath happened, that in an assembly so notable for ingenious persons as ours is, there is yet no mixture of the fairer sort. Their absence is always a subject of regret with me, the most unworthy of their admirers : and it is so now in a more especial manner, forasmuch as I foresee that many small wags will take occasion to draw therefrom a conclusion not a little disparaging to the sex's wit, and so make themselves mighty merry, as little people are ever willing, at their betters' expence.



## THE PATRIOT'S PROGRESS.

A PARAPHRASE OF "THE SEVEN AGES," IN THE "AS YOU LIKE IT," OF WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

---

ST. Stephens is a stage,  
And half the opposition are but players :  
For clap-traps, and deceptions, and effects,  
Fill up their thoughts throughout their many parts,  
Their acts being sev'n. At first the Demagogue,  
Railing and mouthing at the hustings' front :  
And then the cogging Candidate, with beer,  
Fibs, cringes, and cockades, giving to voters  
Unwillingly a pledge. And then the Member,  
Crackling like furnace, with a flaming story  
Made on the country's fall. Then he turns Courtier,  
Full of smooth words, and secret as a midwife,  
Pleas'd with all rulers, zealous for the church,

---

ALL the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players ;  
They have their exits and their entrances ;  
And one man in his turn plays many parts,  
His acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant,  
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :  
And then the whining Schoolboy, with his satchel  
And shining morning face, creeping, like snail,  
Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,  
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the Soldier,  
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,

Seeking the useful fame of orthodoxy,  
 Ev'n from the *Canon's* mouth. And then a Secretary,  
 In fair white waistcoat, with boil'd chicken lin'd,  
 With placid smile, and speech of ready answer,  
 Lib'ral of promises and army contracts,  
 And so he rules the state. The sixth act brings him  
 To be a snug retired old baronet,  
 With ribband red on breast, and star on side :  
 His early zeal for change a world too hot  
 For his cool age : and his big eloquence,  
 Turning to gentler sounds, obedient pipes—  
 And we must pay the piper. Scene the last,  
 That ends this comfortable history,  
 Is a fat pension and a pompous peerage,  
 With cash, with coronet—with all but conscience.

---

Seeking the bubble reputation,  
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,  
 In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws, and modern instances,  
 And thus he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on's nose and pouch on's side ;  
 His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.



# FASHION:

A PARAPHRASE OF L'ALLEGRO, A POEM, BY JOHN MILTON:

---

HENCE, loath'd vulgarity,  
Of ignorance and native dullness bred,  
In low unwholesome shed,  
'Mongst thieves and drabs, and street-sweeps ask-  
ing charity :  
Find some suburban haunt,  
Where the spruce 'prentice treats his flashy mate,  
And smoking cits debate :  
Or at a dowdy rout, or ticket-ball,  
Giv'n at Freemason's hall,  
With tawdry clothes and liveries ever flaunt.  
But come, thou nymph of slender waist,  
Known early by the name of Taste,

---

Hence, loathed Melancholy,  
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,  
In Stygian cave forlorn,  
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy,  
Find out some uncouth cell,  
Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,  
And the night-raven sings :  
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,  
As ragged as thy locks,  
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.  
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,  
In Heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And now denominated Fashion,  
 Whom erst, by no unlawful passion,  
 Pleasure's fair nymph, on Britain's shore,  
 To radiant-ey'd Apollo bore :  
 Or Hermes, (so the grave dispute is)  
 The frolic god of chemist beauties,  
 Found Lady — — in the dark,  
 As once they met at — — Park,  
 There, on a couch of damask blue,  
 And squabs, and cushions, damask too,  
 Fill'd her with thee, thou white-arm'd fair,  
 So delicate and de bon air.  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Steed, and light-hung Tilbury,  
 Undiscoverable rouge,  
 Polish'd boots, and neckcloth huge,  
 (Such as might deck a Dandy's cheek, (a)

---

And, by men, heart-easing mirth,  
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,  
 With two sister graces more,  
 To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore :  
 Or whether (as some sages sing)  
 The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,  
 Zephyr with Aurora playing,  
 As he met her once a maying,  
 There on beds of violets blue,  
 And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,  
 Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,  
 So buxom, blithe, and debonnaire.  
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful jollity,  
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,

---

(a) "A name given to airy nothing:" for a Dandy seems  
 to be neither more nor less than what our forefathers called

And draw the gazers for a week.)  
 M-ck-nt-sh's racy phrase,  
 And wit, that peerless W—rd might praise.  
 Come, and let your steps be bent  
 With a lively measurement,  
 And bring the proper airs and graces,  
 That make their way in certain places :  
 And, if I give thee honour due,  
 Fashion, enroll me with the few,  
 With Sp—nc—r, S—dn—y Sm—th, and thee,  
 In a select society:  
 To ride when many a lady fair, in  
 Her morning veil begins her airing,

---

And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter holding both his sides:  
 Come, and trip it as you go,  
 On the light fantastic toe,  
 And in thy right hand bring with thee  
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;  
 And if I give thee honour due,  
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,  
 To live with her, and live with thee,  
 In unreprieved pleasures free;  
 To hear the lark begin his flight,  
 And singing, startle the dull night,

---

a beau. We have them of all colours,—the red, the white, the black;—of all denominations,—the Infernal, the Marine, the Delegate;—and as if Fate had decreed to bring the distinction into disrepute, the Counting house itself is now said to have sent forth its Dandy, under the title of the Commercial.

And with the nurse and children stow'd,  
 Drives down the Park, or Chelsea road :  
 Then to stop in spite of sorrow,  
 And through the window bid good morrow  
 Of vis-a-vis, or barouchette,  
 Or half-open landaulet :  
 While little B—rke, with lively din, (b)  
 Scatters his stock of trifles thin,  
 And at the Bridge, or Grosvenor Gate,  
 Briskly bids his horses wait ;  
 Oft listening how the Catalani  
 Rouses at night th' applauding many,

From his watch-tow'r in the skies,  
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;  
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,  
 And at my window bid good morrow,  
 Through the sweet-briar or the vine,  
 Or the twisted eglantine :  
 While the cock with lively din,  
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,  
 And to the stack or the barn door,  
 Stoutly struts his dame before :  
 Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn  
 Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,

(b) A good humoured Rattle, one of the Catholic Delegates, and commonly denominated, "The Delegate Dandy." A friend of his, having occasion to present him to a Spanish Nobleman, and wanting a French term for the word delegate, unluckily designated him as "Ambassadeur" from the Sister Kingdom; upon which the Spaniard, profoundly impressed with his importance, saluted him in a truly diplomatic bow, and politely expressed his own satisfaction, at the honour of being made known to "his Excellency of Ireland."

In some opera of Mozart,  
 Winning the eye, the ear, the heart.  
 Then in the round-room not unseen, (c)  
 Attending dames of noble mien,  
 Right to the door in Market-lane,  
 Where chairmen range their jostling train,  
 And footmen stand with torch alight,  
 In their thousand liveries dight,  
 While the doorkeeper on the stairs,  
 Bawls for the Marchionesses' chairs,  
 And young dragoons enjoy the crowd,  
 And dowagers inveigh aloud,  
 And lovers write a hasty scrawl,  
 Upon the ticket of a shawl.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 As the circling crowd it measures ;

---

From the side of some hoar hill,  
 Through the high wood echoing shrill :  
 Some time walking, not unseen,  
 By hedgerow helms, on hillocks green,  
 Right against the eastern gate,  
 Where the great sun begins his state,  
 Rob'd in flames and amber light,  
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;  
 While the ploughman near at hand  
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,  
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
 And the mower whets his scythe,  
 And ev'ry shepherd tells his tale  
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.  
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
 Whilst the landscape round it measures ;

---

(c) An anteroom at the Opera, where the audience assemble after the representation, and flirt and catch cold, under pretence of waiting for their carriages.

Virgins old with tresses gray,  
 That in corkscrew curls do stray ;  
 Ladies, on whose softer breast,  
 Gallants receive a hope of rest ;  
 Little feet with sandals tied,  
 Shallow heads and shoulders wide ;  
 Necks and throats of lovely form,  
 Bosom'd high in tippet warm,  
 Where some beauty spreads her snare,  
 The envy of surrounding fair.  
 Hard by, the Op'ra being past,  
 To some small supper let me haste,  
 Where ladies, wits, and poets met,  
 Are at their various banquet set,  
 Of fifty little tempting messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Gunter dresses :  
 And there with satisfaction see  
 The pullet and the early pea,  
 Or, if the sultry dog-star reign,  
 The melon ice and cool champagne.

---

Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;  
 Mountains, on whose barren breast  
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest ;  
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,  
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.  
 Tow'rs and battlements it sees,  
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,  
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,  
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.  
 Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes  
 From betwixt two aged oaks,  
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,  
 Are at their savoury dinner set,  
 Of herbs, and other country messes,  
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;  
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,  
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;  
 Or if the earlier season lead,  
 To the tann'd haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, to a late delight  
 Argyll advertisements invite,  
 Where the wreathed waltz goes round,  
 Or English tunes more briskly sound,  
 To twice a hundred feet or more,  
 Dancing on the chalky floor :  
 And wise mama, well pleased to see  
 Her daughter paired with high degree,  
 Stays till the daylight glares amain :  
 Then in the carriage home again,  
 With stories told, of many a bow,  
 And civil speech from 'so and so'.  
 She was ask'd to dance, she said,  
 But scarcely down the middle led,  
 Because his Lordship only thought,  
 How soonest to find out a spot,  
 Where, seated by her side, unheard,  
 He whisper'd many a pretty word,  
 Such as no poet could excel !  
 Then, having paid his court so well,

---

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The upland hamlets will invite,  
 When the merry bells ring round,  
 And the jocund rebecks sound  
 To many a youth and many a maid,  
 Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sunshine holy-day,  
 Till the live-long daylight fail ;  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How fairy Mab the junkets eat ;  
 She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said,  
 And by the fryer's lanthorn led ;  
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat,  
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
 His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end :  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,



Most manifestly meaning marriage,  
 He fetch'd the shawls and call'd the carriage,  
 Handed her from the crowded door,  
 And watch'd till she was seen no more.  
 Thus done the tales, the flutt'ring fair  
 Go up to bed, and curl their hair.  
 Country houses please me too,  
 And the jocund Christmas crew,  
 Where chiefs of adverse politics  
 Awhile in social circle mix,  
 And tenants come, whose county franchise  
 Connects them with the higher branches,  
 Since all the great alike contend  
 For votes, on which they all depend.  
 Let affability be there,  
 With cordial hand and friendly air,  
 And private play and glittering fête,  
 To make the rustic gentry prate,—  
 Such joys as fill young ladies heads,

---

And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;  
 And crop full, out of doors he flings,  
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
 By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.  
 Tow'rd cities please us then,  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold  
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize  
 Of wit, or arms, while both contend  
 To win her grace, whom all commend.  
 There let Hymen oft appear  
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,  
 And pomp, and feast, and revelry,  
 With mask, and antique pageantry;  
 Such sights as youthful poets dream,

Who judge from books of masquerades.  
 Then will I to St. Stephens stray,  
 If aught be moved by C—stl—r—gh,  
 Or matchless C—nn—g mean to roll,  
 His thunders o'er the subject soul.  
 And sometimes, to divert my cares,  
 Give me some flirt, with joyous airs,  
 Married a girl, a widow now,  
 Such as will hear each playful vow,  
 Too young to lay upon the shelf :  
 Meaning—as little as myself :—  
 Still speaking, singing, walking, running,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 With a good mien to testify  
 Her converse with good company,  
 That Chesterfield might lift his eyes  
 From the dark Tartarus where he lies,  
 Beholding, in her air and gait,  
 Graces that almost compensate

---

On Summer eve, by haunted stream.  
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,  
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,  
 Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,  
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.  
 And ever, against eating cares,  
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,  
 Married to immortal verse,  
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,  
 In notes with many a winding bout  
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,  
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,  
 The melting voice through mazes running :  
 Untwisting all the chains that tie  
 The hidden soul of harmony ;  
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head  
 From golden slumber on a bed  
 Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear  
 Such strains, as would have won the ear

The blunders of his awkward son,  
And half the harm his book has done.  
These delights if thou canst give,  
Fashion, with thee I wish to live.

---

Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
His half-regain'd Eurydice.  
These delights if thou canst give,  
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

## SIR FR—NC—S's FEAST:

OR THE

## JACOBIN JOURNALISTS.

AN ODE FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF A WESTMINSTER ELECTION,  
BEING A PARAPHRASE OF "ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR THE  
TRIUMPH OF MUSIC," BY JOHN DRYDEN.

---

'T WAS at a feast, giv'n to their Baronet  
By his own factious set,  
Placed by the chairman's side,  
Sate Piccadilly's pride,  
With airs of coy regret. (*a*)

---

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son:  
Aloft in awful state,  
The godlike hero sate  
On his imperial throne:

---

(*a*). It is a fact ostentatiously promulgated, that the Honourable Baronet, (being probably by this time pretty sure of his seat for Westminster) has latterly declined the ceremony of a canvass, and, with a more than episcopal modesty, protested, even after his election, his great unwillingness to accept a seat, in an assembly where he thinks he can do so little good as in the House of Commons. This estimate of his own probable services we shall not dispute.

His noisy friends were ranged about,  
 With dirty shirts, and pots of heady stout :  
 Meet dress, meet drink, for such a rout !  
 The valiant C—chr—ne, by his side, (b)  
 Sate, snappish, yet self-satisfied,  
 In naval garb and northern pride.

Happy, happy, happy day !

None but the mob,

None but the mob,

None but the mob are fit to sway !

C—bb—tt, exalted high,  
 Amid that unwash'd train,  
 Roar'd lies and libels out amain ;  
 Yet still he 'scapes the pillory,  
 And sells the sland'rous strain.

His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;  
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.  
 The lovely Thais by his side,  
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
 In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair ;

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high,  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heavenly joys inspire.

(b) The other Member for Westminster, and, as it should  
 seem, a partner no less in the sentiments than in the seat of  
 Sir Fr—nc—s B—rd—tt.

The king he first assail'd :  
 Gold, in this reign, he said, had fail'd ;  
 (For gold such patriots ever rail'd !)  
 Your flimsy notes, he cried, bely a King :  
 Old England was another thing,  
 When her great Monarch had a mint,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, the money of the  
 world !

The gaping mob admire the lofty sounds :  
 " B—rd—tt and bullion !" all the street rebounds :

With ravish'd ears  
 The Bar'net hears,  
 Affects to rouse  
 The Commons House,  
 And wake the torpid Peers.

The Muse of C—bb—tt then extoll'd the drabs and  
 rogues,  
 Whom Cold-bath prison disembogues :

The song began from Jove;  
 Who left his blissful seats above,  
 Such is the pow'r of mighty love!  
 A dragon's fiery form belied the God :  
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a Sovereign of the World.—  
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound ;  
 A present deity, the vaulted roofs resound :  
 With ravish'd ears,  
 The Monarch hears,  
 Assumes the God,  
 Affects to nod,  
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sang ;  
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :

From them the Bar'net's honours flow(c):  
 Salt-box play, and whistle blôw !  
 Deck'd with St. Giles's graces,  
 They shew their greasy faces.  
 They come! stop, salt-box! whistle, cease to blow!  
 Cold-bath prison disembogues  
 Glorious food for discontent :  
 Any grievance is a treasure,  
 A patriot's instrument and pleasure ;  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet a charge in Parliament.

---

The jolly god in triumph comes;  
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums;  
 Flush'd with a purple grace,  
 He shews his honest face.  
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.  
 Bacchus ever fair and young,  
 Drinking joys did first ordain :  
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,  
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

---

(c) Our political Quixote began his career, as he has pursued it, by a crusade or two against those caitiffs, who are employed by law to imprison brave Knights of Industry and fair Ladies of the Town. It has long been his practice to address the pity and indignation of the House, with sad stories of wanton oppression, which, being made the subjects of enquiry, turn out in nine instances out of ten, to be absolutely unfounded; but since many hear of the charge, who never hear of the defence, the accuser gains credit for redressing grievances, as gloriously as if there had been any grievances to redress.

O superhappy Thumb !  
 He made the giants first—and then he kill'd 'em:



Swell'd with the puff, Sir Fr—nk grew vain,  
 Spoke all his speeches o'er again,  
 And thrice he d——d the Ministers, and thrice the  
     war in Spain.

C—bb—tt saw the madness rise,  
 His open mouth, his rolling eyes,  
 And, while he heav'n and earth defied,  
 Chang'd the tune, and check'd his pride.

    He chose an awkward story,  
     To damp his blazing glory :  
 He sang this chief, so fond of pow'r,

    With notable disgrace,  
 Taken, taken, taken, taken,  
     Taken by the Speaker's mace,  
     And caged within the Tow'r :

Afraid, at his return, to meet  
 Th' expectant rabble in the street,  
 He skulks incog to Piccadilly—  
 Did ever patriot look so silly ?

    Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain.  
     Fought all his battles o'er again,  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.  
     The master saw the madness rise,  
     His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes,  
     And while he Heav'n and Earth defied,  
     Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.  
         He chose a mournful Muse  
         Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
     By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
     Fallen from his high estate,  
     And weltring in his blood ;  
 Deserted at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed :  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

Long, long, and longer grows the hero's face :  
 He meditates, in sullen mood,  
 On fickle popularity :  
 He'd blush, if blush reformer could,  
 And lets the toast go by !

Fierce Porcupine was pleas'd to find (*d*)  
 The lust of pow'r not far behind : (*e*)  
 For humbled patriots secretly  
 Seek their amends in tyranny.  
 Leaving all the past disgrace,  
 Now he fans the wish for place.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his altered soul,  
 The various turns of fate below;  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasure.

(*d*) Mr. C—bb—tt at one time put forth periodical performances under the name of Peter Porcupine.

(*e*) At the commencement of the Regency, it was the fashion with the party of No-party, to preach up the antiquated doctrine of simple prerogative. The Crown, they said, required support against the encroaching influence of the Rival Aristocracies, the Whigs and Tories. The No-party seem to have hoped that, by these loyal services, they should not only obtain the triumph of putting down the two parties which were so obnoxious to them, but leave their Sovereign at last without an alternative, as to the body from whom his Ministers should be chosen.

"Virtue," quoth he, "'s toil and trouble,  
 Opposition but a bubble,  
 Toiling still, yet ever cravin,  
     Pow'rless still, though still annoying :  
 If a seat be worth the having,  
     Sure a place were worth enjoying !  
 Then stickle staunchly for the Crown,  
 And help to hoot both parties down.  
 The many shout applause, and swell his passion—  
 So stiff Prerogative returns to fashion.  
 The Bar'net cried, "Prerogative again !"  
     Toasted the Regent,  
     Play'd the obedient,  
 And smiled and wish'd, smiled and wish'd,  
 Smiled and wish'd, and smiled again :  
 Till, in a dream of pow'r he closed his eyes,  
 And slept, thrice blest in his fool's paradise.

Now raise the factious roar again !  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !

---

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,  
 Honour but an empty bubble,  
     Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying :  
     If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying :  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the Gods provide thee !  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
 The Prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
     Gaz'd on the fair  
     Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !

Fire him with his old ambition ;  
 And shake him with a larum of sedition !  
 Hark ! the loved sound of faction  
     Wakes him to riot :  
 He scorns to sit quiet,  
 And again he arms for action.  
 Reform, reform ! fierce C—bb—tt cries :  
     See the multitude meet !  
     See the bludgeons they rear,  
     How they wave in the air,  
 And the mud that they pelt through the street !  
     Behold a noisy band,  
     Each a yard in his hand !—  
 Linen-drappers these, disappointed of seats, (f)

---

Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder !  
     Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
     Has raised up his head  
     As awaked from the dead,  
     And amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries :  
     See the furies arise,  
     See the snakes that they rear,  
     How they hiss in the air,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
     Behold a ghastly band,  
     Each a torch in his hand !  
 These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

---

(f) A person who keeps a retail linen-shop in Fleet Street, and makes speeches in the Common Council, had the more than *ell-wide* effrontery to offer himself at the last election, as a candidate for the City of London. The Livery, however, gave him so cool a reception, that he presently found it prudent to retransfer his attention from the *measures* of Ministry to those of Muslin.

Who have made retreats  
 From election defeats.  
 Give the chances due  
 To the bustling crew :  
 Hark, hark, how they lift their voices on high—  
 How they rail at the Treasury lures,  
 And envied profits of the sinecures !

The democrats clap with a covetous joy,  
 And the Chief seized a candle, with zeal to destroy.  
 Mrs. Cl—rke led the way  
 To light him to his prey,  
 At once another Helen and another Guy !

Thus, long ago,  
 Before the Statesman was brought low, (g)

---

And unburied remain,  
 Inglorious on the plain.  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew ;  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile Gods !

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy :  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

---

(g) An Evening Journal, the Editor of which has been  
 deservedly imprisoned for a libel.

While Dr—k—rd yet had made no stir, (*h*)  
 C—bb—tt's bold speech or register,  
 (A sounding liar) (*i*)  
 Could half persuade a mob to set a street on fire:

At length the pert Exam'ner came, (*k*)  
 And mischief took a neater frame.  
 The quaint conductor, from his wordy store,  
 Let fly alike at every station,  
 And polish'd up his defamation,  
 With small conceits, hard words, and squibs un-  
 known before.

While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

(*h*) The Editor of a Sunday Newspaper, who is, or was lately in a similar predicament.

(*i*) This must be a false print for Mr. Dryden's original word, *lyre*.

(*k*) Another Sunday Newspaper, rather better, and therefore rather worse than the majority of such publications. Its Editor, by the talents of his legal advisers, and by several circumstances of luck, had long eluded the grasp of Justice; but at last he is paying, like his brethren, the merited price of his pertinacious and elaborate mischief.

Let C—bb—tt quit the rivalry,  
Or both divide the crown :  
The town takes both in equally,  
And both *take in* the town !

---

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
Or both divide the crown ;  
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,  
She drew an angel down.

## PARAPHRASE

OF A PROMINENT PASSAGE IN "THE TEMPLE OF FAME,"

BY ALEXANDER POPE.

---

BUT lo ! amidst the oratoric choir,  
Six gorgeous columns o'er the rest aspire :  
Around the chair itself of Fame they stand,  
Hold her chief honours, and her house command.

High on the first, the Son of Chatham shone,  
(The British Lion couching by his throne,)  
Master of speech !—His potent eloquence  
Seems still to echo on the wond'ring sense :  
Anxious, but firm, his lofty look appears,  
And young he seems, with all the skill of years.  
His mighty deeds around the pillar shine :  
Here, Britain's navy breaks the Gallic line :

---

BUT in the centre of the hallow'd choir  
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;  
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,  
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.

High on the first the mighty Homer shone,  
Eternal adamant composed his throne ;  
Father of verse ! in holy fillets drest,  
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast ;  
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;  
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years :  
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :  
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;



Here, public credit, rising from her fall :  
 Here, Ireland saved, and Union's triple wall :—  
 Life, Order, Glory, beam'd in every part :  
 Vast was each work, and proved how vast his art :  
 His master-spirit glow'd through all the plan,  
 And high Ambition sped the course he ran.

A sparkling column next in rank appear'd,  
 On which a shrine of precious gems was rear'd,  
 Where countless lustres pour'd upon the sight  
 A rainbow-blaze of many-colour'd light.  
 Here did accomplish'd C—nn—ng hold his reign,  
 And Wit and Wisdom bore his flowing train :  
 On Chatham's son he fix'd a rev'rent eye,  
 And seem'd to shun that equal rivalry.  
 In living sculpture on the base were shown  
 The Spanish wars, and haughty France o'erthrown,  
 Fair Lusitania cherish'd, and her foes deceived,  
 And high Braganza's lordly race relieved :

Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall,  
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:  
 Motion and life did every part inspire,  
 Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire ;  
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,  
 And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,  
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;  
 Finished the whole, and labour'd every part,  
 With patient touches of unwearied art ;  
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate ;  
 Composed his posture, and his look sedate ;  
 On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,  
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.  
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread,  
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead ;  
 Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre ;  
 Æneas bending with his aged sire :

And, graved indelibly above the throne,  
 "Erin and equal laws" in crystal shone.

Four eagles bear an adamantine car,  
 With piercing eyes and pinions stretch'd afar,  
 Here Fox, as 'twere some furious prophet, rode,  
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring god.  
 With rough and careless pow'r he touch'd the heart,  
 "And strength and nature made amends for art."  
 Emblems of liberty his column grace,  
 And wreaths of olive blossom round the base :  
 Princes and people meet our wond'ring eyes,  
 (Those less, these larger, than their proper size)  
 And demagogues in angry posture threat ;  
 A troubled scene, irregularly great.

Then, happy Sh—r—d—n attuned the lyre  
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Fox's fire :

Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne,  
*Arms and the man* in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,  
 With heads advanced, and pinions stretched for flight.  
 Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,  
 And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.  
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,  
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.  
 The figured games of Greece the columns grace,  
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.  
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run,  
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone :  
 The champions in distorted posture threat,  
 And all appeared irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tuned th' Ausonian lyre  
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire :

Pleased, with the rage of bold Demosthenes  
 To blend the flowing charm of Tully's ease.  
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace,  
 Richer and rarer than Corinthian brass.  
 Here, Comus and the Bacchanals appear,—  
 The Rising Sun, and Warren Hastings here ;—  
 Around, one clear, unwav'ring light is shed,  
 And bays and myrtles deck the Poet's head.

Next, in a dazzling shrine of curious work,  
 Sate, fix'd in thought sublime, th' immortal Burke ;  
 His aged brow prophetic fillets hide :  
 Philosophy and science grace his side :  
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
 The thoughts of men, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays illustrious Windham shone,  
 And war's insignia glitter'd round his throne :

---

Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage t' infuse  
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.  
 The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace ;  
 A work outlasting monumental brass.  
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear,  
 The Julian star and great Augustus here ;  
 The doves, that round the infant poet spread  
 Myrtles and bays, hang hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,  
 Sate, fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagyrte ;  
 His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,  
 And various animals his sides surround ;  
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view  
 Superior worlds, and look all Nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;  
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne ;

Profound, yet brilliant—wise, yet ever bland,  
He seem'd to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand :  
Honour and Truth his lofty seat upbore,  
And Taste and Learning wove the wreath he wore.

---

Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand  
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.  
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,  
And the great Father of his country owns,

## PARAPHRASE

OF A PROMINENT PASSAGE IN "THE SEASONS," BY JAMES  
THOMSON.

*Written on the eve of a General Election.*

---

Now, Members, guard your boroughs zealously :  
Baffle the rude reformers : fill the streets  
With loyal handbills : lodge an agent near,  
To keep strict watch ; for oft, from Palace Yard, (a)  
In this dire season, some stern democrat  
Sweeps up the tenants of whole parishes  
At one wide waft, and o'er the people's heads  
Successful chair'd upon two pliant poles,  
Rides with a courtier's pomp; till puff'd and cheer'd,

---

NOW shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind,  
Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
With food at will ; lodge them below the storm,  
And watch them strict ; for from the bellowing east,  
In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains  
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
The billowy tempest whelms, till, upward urg'd,

---

(a) The usual forum of the Westminster mob.

The purse-proud upstart to a tyrant swells,  
Aiming with wild ambition at the sky.

Thus anarchy will grow, and foul and fierce  
Will Revolution blight the darken'd air;  
Till, in his own once happy realm, the Briton  
Amazed shall stand, see foreign laws ordain'd,  
Of unknown savage frame, and foreign chiefs  
Of bloody temper rule the groaning isle;  
Nor find substantial wealth, nor gentle ease,  
Beneath th' unequal sway: but wander still  
From bad to worse, yet more and more undone,  
Impatient writhing to the whip and chain,  
And stung with thoughts of former liberty,  
Goading his nerves, and calling forth their strength  
In vain revolt. How will his free-born soul  
Shrink with indignant shame and black despair,  
When, by a sweeping, stern conscription, torn  
From his own home, his castle then no more,  
He meets the slav'ry of the cheerless camp,

---

The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
Tipt with a wreath high curling in the sky.

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce  
All winter drives along the darken'd air,  
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands: sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain;  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
What black despair, what horror fills his heart!  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,

Far from the light and warmth of liberty :  
 While martial law resistless grinds him down,  
 And supple villains, rising o'er his head,  
 Render his sudden servitude more drear.

Then throng a thousand ills upon his mind,  
 Dangers inevitable, dark, and dread,  
 A dire array, beyond the pow'r of Hope :—  
 False, faithless leaders—battles loud and long,  
 In distant lands, and for what ends unknown,  
 Or in what quarrel :—still the freezing night,  
 The toilsome march, or solitary watch,  
 When the light foe upon the picquet fires.  
 These thoughts enfeeble him ; and down he sinks  
 On the bleak road amid the forced retreat,  
 Viewing the relicks of his comrades dead,  
 And mingled bodies of the wretched few  
 Whose breath yet quivers in their fainting frames,  
 Their rights, their suff'rings, and their deaths un-  
 mark'd.

Far from the track and blest abode of Man :  
 While round him night resistless closes fast,  
 And every tempest howling o'er his head,  
 Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
 Of cover'd pits unfathomably deep,  
 A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,—  
 Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge,  
 Smooth'd up with snow ; and what is land, unknown,  
 What water of the still unfrozen spring,  
 In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
 Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
 These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
 Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
 Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death—  
 Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
 Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
 His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

In vain th' ambitious leaders shall prepare  
The vaunting journal, and triumphal thanks ;  
In vain some sad survivors, creeping back  
Defeated and disgraced, shall mock the land  
With weak pretence of victory. Alas !  
Nor strength, nor freedom, more shall he regain,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home !

---

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !  
Nor wife, nor children more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home !



# THE ASPIRANTS :

## *AN ODE FOR MUSIC.*

BEING A PARAPHRASE OF "THE PASSIONS, AN ODE FOR MUSIC,"

BY WILLIAM COLLINS.

---

WHEN G—rge our Pr—nce, first sway'd the land,  
 While yet Restriction cramp'd his hand,  
 Aspirants oft, with smiles and bows,  
 Throng'd the door of Carlton House,  
 Expecting, hinting, praying, striving,  
 To get the reins, and shew their driving.  
 By turns they found the Princely mind  
 Disturb'd or calm, displeased or kind,  
 Till once, 'tis said, when one and all  
 Met impatient in his hall,  
 From a music-room beyond  
 They snatch'd the instruments of sound ;

---

WHEN Music, heav'nly maid, was young,  
 While yet in early Greece she sung,  
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,  
 Throng'd around her magic cell,  
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,  
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.  
 By turns they felt the glowing mind,  
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd ;  
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,  
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd ;  
 From the supporting myrtles round  
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;

And, having heard, perhaps, at school,  
 How fiddling Orpheus rose to rule, (*a*)  
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
 Would tempt the self-same path to pow'r.

First fiddle Gr—nv—Ile needs must try,—  
 And strain'd the chords, to make them sure :  
 Then back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 From the unfinish'd *overture*. (*b*)

Next, Br—gh—m came pushing from behind,  
 His native bagpipe at his side :  
 In one rude roar he forced the wind,  
 And sounded strong, and far, and wide.

And as they oft had heard apart  
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,  
 Each, for Madness ruled the hour,  
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,  
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;  
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,  
 E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire  
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings:  
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,  
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

(*a*) See Pausanias and Diodorus Siculus.

(*b*) An overture for a combined administration, originally made to his lordship before the Regency—renewed on the expiration of the restrictions—repeated once more after the assassination of Mr. Perceval—and on all these occasions ungraciously rejected.

The organ fell to B—r—n's share,  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguil'd :  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air !  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Cr—k—r, bard of flame,  
 What was thy prophetic story ? (c)  
 Still it spoke of promised glory,  
 And bade the lofty hopes at distance hail.  
 Still would his touch the strain prolong :  
 And from the fort, the height, the vale,  
 He call'd on W—ll—ngt—n through all the song ;  
 And as that noble theme he chose,  
 Britain responsive cheer'd at every close,  
 And Cr—k—r smil'd, well pleas'd, and Britain  
 boasts his fame,

---

With woeful measures wan Despair;  
 Low, sullen sounds his grief beguiled :  
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air ;  
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 What was thy delighted measure ?  
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,  
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !  
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;  
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,  
 She call'd on Echo still, through all the song ;  
 And when her sweetest theme she chose,  
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;  
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

---

(c) See Mr. Cr—k—r's spirited and interesting poem,  
 'The Battles of Talavera.'

And longer had he sung ; but with a frown  
     Wh—tbr—d impatient rose ;  
 He threw his hat with boist'rous gesture down,  
     And, with a sulky look,  
 The lute of gentle Peace he took ;  
     But swept a crash so loud and dread,  
 Were never sounds of war so full of woe !  
     And ever and anon he beat  
     A table near with furious heat :  
 And though sometimes, each breathless pause be-  
     tween,  
     C—stl—r—gh with courteous pride  
     His moderating voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his bold unmanner'd mien,  
 While phrase of foul abuse seem'd *brewing* in his  
     head.  
  
 The strains of M—ra's muse to nought were fix'd,—  
     A tremulous though ardent lay :

---

And longer had she sung ;—but with a frown,  
     Revenge impatient rose :  
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;  
     And with a with'ring look,  
     The war-denouncing trumpet took,  
     And blew a blast so loud and dread,  
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe !  
     And ever and anon he beat  
     The doubling drdm, with furious heat ;  
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,  
     Dejected Pity, at his side,  
     Her soul-subduing voice applied,  
 Yet still he kept his wild, unalter'd mien,  
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.  
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd ;  
     Sad proof of thy distressful state !

His theme was *intermediarily* mix'd, (*d*)  
 And now he cheer'd the Prince, now grieving call'd  
 on Gr—y.

With nose and chin that long'd to meet,  
 Pale St—nh—pe took his darkling seat :  
 And from that solitary place,  
 With measure long, and longer face,  
 Twang'd to the harpsichord his wiry drawl :  
 And jumbling there from jest-books old,  
 Quirks and quiddits quaintly roll'd.  
 Pert, yet unmark'd, the nasal numbers fall ;  
 Or, after long and wearisome delay,

Of different themes the veering song was mix'd ;  
 And now it courted Love, now raving, call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,  
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;  
 And from her wild sequester'd seat  
 In notes by distance made more sweet,  
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;  
 And dashing soft from rocks around,  
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;  
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measures stole,  
 Or, o'er some haunted stream with foud delay,

(*d*) During the embarrassments occasioned by Mr. Perceval's death, Earl M—ra was commissioned to form an administration upon what was then called "the Intermediary Principle." The design seems to have been, that a cabinet should be formed of some of the least discordant among the rival statesmen, to the exclusion of all whose violence could disturb the unanimity so essential to the successful prosecution of the war.

Ev'ry hearer's mind disposing  
To a heavy mood of dozing,  
In hollow murmurs die away.

But oh ! how alter'd was the livelier tone,  
When W—ll—sley, with a soul of loftiest frame,  
On whom expectant nations hung,  
His eagle eye bright'ning in flame,  
Blew an inspiring air, that Europe's confines rung,  
The trumpet-blast, to Swede and Spaniard known !  
High-born Castilians, gallant, yet serene,  
Lusians and Catalans were seen,  
Leaving their groves of orange green ;  
Siberia's sons rejoiced to hear,  
And Austria, waking, seized the vengeful spear.

Sh—r—d—n came *last* to trial : (e)

---

Round a holy calm diffusing,  
Love of peace, and lonely musing,  
In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,  
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,  
Her bow across her shoulders slung,  
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,  
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,  
The hunters call, to Faun and Dryad known.  
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,  
Satyrs and sylvan boys are seen,  
Peeping from forth their alleys green.  
Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;  
And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :

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(e) Whatever the business, Mr. Sh—r—d—n would probably arrive the *last*. The appropriateness of the viny crown in the following line is too obvious to require a comment.

He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd :  
 But soon he saw the soul-awak'ning viol,  
 Whose tone his nobler judgment loved the best :  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They mark'd Tyrtæus breathing far  
 The patriot note of Grecian war,  
 To many a martial chorus dancing ;  
 While, as his skilful fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Wisdom and Mirth framed a harmonious round :  
 Then Wisdom gracious smiled, with zone unbound,  
 And Mirth, amid his frolic play,  
 Beating brisk measure to the jocund lay,  
 Waved in the Sun his gaily burnish'd wings.

O Statesman, Poet, Scholar, Wit,  
 Pupil, and Friend, and Heir of Pitt,  
 Why, C—nn—ng, why, to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy wonted lyre aside ?

---

He, with viny crown advancing,  
 First to the lively pipe his hand address ;  
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,  
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best ;  
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,  
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,  
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round ;  
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;  
 And he, amidst his frolic play,  
 As if he would the charming air repay,  
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,  
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !  
 Why, Goddess ! why to us denied,  
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?

As from great Chatham's son, of yore  
 Thou learn'dst an all-commanding pow'r,  
 Thy patriot soul, thine ardent strain,  
 Might bring those wish'd for days again.  
 Still be thy full and manly tone  
 True to the country and the throne ;  
 Be still, as in all former time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime ;  
 Shine on this dark and fearful age,  
 And gild our hist'ry's deathless page.  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy slend'rest breath can more prevail,  
 Has more of strength and harmony—  
 Than all the Opposition's cry,  
 Although against thee jointly play  
 The bands of Gr—nv—lle and of Gr—y.  
 O bid their scattering forces fly :  
 Accord once more with Ministry :  
 Return to aid their skilful band,  
 And charm the discords of the land !

---

As, in that lov'd Athenian bower,  
 You learn'd an all-commanding power,  
 Thy mimic soul, oh Nymph endear'd,  
 Can well recal what then it heard.  
 Where is thy native simple heart,  
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?  
 Arise, as in that elder time,  
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !  
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,  
 Fill thy recording Sister's page :—  
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,  
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail.  
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,  
 Than all which charms this laggard age ;  
 E'en all at once together found,  
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound—  
 O bid our vain endeavours cease ;  
 Revive the just designs of Greece :  
 Return in all thy simple state !  
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !



## PART II.

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### Prefatory Paper,

BY THE SHADE OF DR. JOHNSON.

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——— εἴτις ἔτ' ἔλθοι

Ἀνδρῶν ἡρώων, οἳ δὴ τὸ πρόσθεν ὄλοντο.

OM. Οδυσσ. Α'. 627, 8.

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*The Author of the Vicar of Bray.—Gray.—Goldsmith.—Dr.  
Johnson himself.—Cowper.—Darwin.*

TO invade the recesses of literary concealment, and divellicate the disguises of anonymous ability, are tasks neither necessary to the welfare of the public, nor honourable to the industry of the detector. Whether that lyrical creed which takes its title from the Incumbent of Bray, be the genuine confessional of an unprincipled Divine, or the suppositious device of an exacerbated Satirist, I shall not reveal to the curiosity of the living. Suffice it to say, that while the principles of our fellow-creatures are swayed by their passions, and while conscience continues to contort herself in

compliance with the sinuosities of circumstance, so long "The Vicar of Bray," whether in the original, or in the succeeding paraphrase, must continue to awaken the salutary shame of the wicked, and the honest indignation of the good.

On the genius of Thomas Gray, Esq. my Biography of the Poets comprises a criticism, to which little can be added, and whence little can be taken away. I have sometimes indeed wished, that it were possible to revoke an occasional sally of superfluous severity, or an ungracious expression of precipitate distaste : but that which has been printed can no longer be suppressed, and it is useless to regret what it is impossible to recall. Opportunity is a passenger who retraces not his steps, and Time can be seized but by the forelock.

A prologue of my own has found a place among the following contributions. I subjoin it without a commentary : for my praise would be ridiculed as partial, and my censure suspected as insincere. I proceed, therefore, in the chronological order, to Dr. Goldsmith.

Of Oliver Goldsmith, thus presented to my regard, let me indulge myself in the delineation. He was a writer profound without pedantry, and without puerility simple ; who neither sullied his originality with paradox, nor strained his sublimity to bombast : a philosopher without rigidity, and a

sentimentalist without affectation. Among the multifarious departments of literature, there are few which he has not attempted: there is none, which, having attempted, he has failed to adorn (*a*).

William Cowper, the next of our literary brotherhood, was of a genius at once natural and novel: of retiring manners, but of a commanding mind: felicitous and forcible in his conceptions, yet negligent and unskilful in his execution.

For the production which we communicate from the Muse of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, we have to deprecate displeasure, and solicit indulgence. Its author, who sacrificed with no inconsiderable success, at the poetic as well as at the medical altar of Apollo, desires to have this trifle regarded not as a paraphrase on any one specific passage of his works, but rather as a consolidation of those characteristic idiosyncrasies in thought, in manner, and in expression, which he seems to consider, (in my opinion erroneously) as the rarest and most honourable of his distinctions.

He that courts a new acquaintance, should pro-

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(*a*) See Johnson's Epitaph on Goldsmith. *Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit: nullum, quod tetigit, non ornavit.*

pitiate by his first address. He that bids a long farewell, should conciliate by his last impressions. For this reason we have determined, that our series of posthumous parodies shall conclude, as it began, with a version from the works of William Shakspeare.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

## THE CHAPLAIN TO THE —.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE VICAR OF BRAY.

*By* ———

WHEN Pitt array'd the British arms,  
 To check the Gallic ferment,  
 I spread the regicide alarms,  
 And so I got preferment.  
 To teach my flock I never miss'd,  
 "Reform is revolution,  
 "And d——d are those that do assist  
 "To mend a constitution."  
 And this is law, I will aver,  
 Tho' stiff-neck'd fools may sneer, Sir,  
 Whoe'er may be the Minister,  
 I'll be the Chaplain here, Sir.

---

IN good King Charles's golden days,  
 When loyalty no harm meant,  
 A zealous High-churchman I was,  
 And so I got preferment:  
 To teach my flock I never miss'd,  
 Kings are by God appointed,  
 And damn'd are those that do resist,  
 Or touch the Lord's Anointed,  
 And this is law, I will maintain  
 Until my dying day, Sir,—  
 That whatsoever King shall reign,  
 I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

When gentle S—dm—th sway'd the crown,  
 And peace came into fashion,  
 The lust of war I hooted down,  
 And puff'd pacification.  
 I vow'd the papists were agreed  
 To burn all honest men, Sir :  
 And methodism had been my creed—  
 But Pitt came in again, Sir.  
 And this is law, &c.

When Gr—y and Gr—nv—lle made the laws  
 For Britain's tol'rant nation,  
 I took the cudgels for the cause  
 Of transubstantiation.  
 The Articles I made a joke,  
 (Finding I should not need 'em :)  
 And, Afric's fetters being broke,  
 E'en grew a friend to Freedom.  
 And this is law, &c.

---

When royal James obtain'd the crown,  
 And Popery came in fashion,  
 The penal laws I hooted down,  
 And read the Declaration :  
 The Church of Rome I found would fit  
 Full well my constitution ;  
 And had become a Jesuit,  
 But for the Revolution.  
 And this is law, &c.

When William was our King declared,  
 To ease the Nation's grievance ;  
 With this new wind about I steer'd,  
 And swore to him allegiance :  
 Old principles I did revoke,  
 Set conscience at a distance ;  
 Passive obedience was a joke.  
 A jest was non-resistance.  
 And this is law, &c.

When Perceval advised our King,  
 (The Church of England's glory)  
 My conscience was another thing,  
 For I had turn'd a Tory :  
 I cursed the Whigs, no more in place ;  
 I damn'd their moderation,  
 And swore they shook the Church's base,  
 By sinful toleration.  
 And this is law, &c.

Now that the Ministry relent,  
 And Erin's sons look big, Sir,  
 I feel a soft'ning sentiment,  
 Which makes me half a Whig, Sir.  
 And thus preferment I procure,  
 In each new doctrine hearty,—  
 Alike extol, neglect, abjure,  
 Pope, King, or Bonaparte.  
 At least 'tis law, &c.

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When gracious Anne became our Queen,  
 The Church of England's glory,  
 Another face of things was seen,  
 And I became a Tory :  
 Occasional conformists base,  
 I damn'd their moderation ;  
 And thought the Church in danger was,  
 By such prevarication.  
 And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding time came o'er,  
 And mod'rate men look'd big, Sir,  
 I turn'd a cat-in-pan once more,  
 And so became a Whig, Sir ;  
 And thus preferment I procured  
 From our new Faith's Defender ;  
 And almost every day abjured  
 The Pope and the Pretender.  
 And this is law, &c.

The now prevailing politics,  
     The now administration,  
 On these allegiance do I fix,—  
     While they can keep their station :  
 For in my faith and loyalty  
     I never more will falter,  
 To L—v—rp—l and C—stl—r—gh,  
     Until the times shall alter.  
     For thus I safely may aver,  
         However fools may sneer, Sir,  
 That whoso be the Minister,  
     I must be Chaplain here, Sir.

---

The illustrious House of Hanover,  
     And protestant succession ;  
 To these allegiance do I swear—  
     While they can keep possession :  
 For in my faith and loyalty  
     I never more will falter,  
 And George my lawful King shall be—  
     Until the times do alter.  
     And this is law, I will maintain  
     Until my dying day, Sir,—  
 That whatsoever King shall reign,  
     I'll be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.



## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

ON RETURNING AT DAY-BREAK, THROUGH AN ALLEY IN LONDON, FROM A BAIL AT LADY ———'S: BEING A PARAPHRASE OF "AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD," BY THOMAS GRAY, ESQ.

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THE watchman drawls the hour of dawning day,  
 The breakfast booth is set with smoking tea, (*a*)  
 The dancers homeward wind their weary way,  
 And leave the streets to morning and to me.

Now brighter beams upon the pavement dart,  
 Though yet a gen'ral silence holds the air,  
 Save where some gard'ner drives his early cart,  
 Or drowsy milkmen clank along the square:

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THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds;  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

---

(*a*) From four to six o' clock in the summer mornings, there are stalls in the principal streets of London, where the labouring classes, as they go to their occupations, regale themselves with a cheap and convenient breakfast.

Save that, disguised with liquor and with paint,  
 The fragile fair complains of some mishap,  
 From rough patrols, who, stern and ungallant,  
 Molest her chill and solitary nap.

Beneath these humble roofs, these broken tiles,  
 Blown from their lay'rs when April winds were  
     high,  
 On beds uncurtain'd, and in crowded files,  
 This narrow alley's lab'ring tenants lie.

The peeling knocker at the pompous porch,  
 The fretful gabble of the elbow'd guest,  
 The clattering carriage, or the flaring torch,  
 Has never robb'd them of their lowly rest.

For them no dame shall plan the brilliant ball,  
 Nor Mr. Speaker ply his evening care :  
 No lacqueys bow before them through the hall,  
 Nor scream their titles up the crowded stair.

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl goes to the Moon complain  
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy house wife ply her evening care,  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

Oft does the dray their sturdy strength invite,  
 Their harden'd hands oft haul the stubborn rope,—  
 How jocund do they shut their shops at night !  
 How smirk their chins beneath the Sunday soap !

Let not nice N—g—nt mock their useful toil,  
 Their ill cut raiment, or their homely food,  
 Nor the Black Dandy hear with scornful smile, (*b*)  
 The early hours of that unpolish'd brood.

The pomp of liv'ries and the whirl of wheels,  
 And all that Hoby, (*c*) all that Dyde (*d*) e'er gave,  
 Are random toys that Fortune blindly deals,—  
 Grave to the fool, but foolish to the grave.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke,  
 How jocund did they drive their teams afield !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;  
 Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour,  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

(*b*) W. W. L—ng P—le, Esq., the fortunate holder of the great prize in the matrimonial lottery. He is now chiefly remarkable for the exorbitant lateness of his hours.

(*c*) An eminent boot-maker.

(*d*) Messrs. Dyde and Scribe are celebrated dealers in female finery.

Nor you, ye fair, condemn their lowly doom,  
 If fops for them no rapt'rous plaudits raise ;  
 While in the buzz of many a scented room,  
 Your voice, your dancing, swell the note of praise.

Can animating reel, or melting waltz,  
 Teach you to thread the giddier maze of life ?  
 Can D' Egville's skill redeem one step when false ?  
 Or Cramer lull the jars of man and wife ?

Perhaps in yon dark garret may repose  
 Eyes, of fair C—stl—r—gh's celestial fire ;  
 Hands that, like C—ngr—ve's, had consumed our  
       foes,  
 Or swept, like S—th—y's, o'er the laureat lyre ;

But Fashion to their eyes her fruitful store  
 Of gay accomplishment did ne'er unroll :

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid —  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands that the rod of Empire might have sway'd,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll ;

Chill Penury repress'd each livelier pow'r,  
And nipp'd the tender flow'rets of the soul.

Full many a L—ttr—ll's mental ray serene  
The wide uncultured bogs of Erin bear :  
Full many a H—pe is born to blush unseen,  
Or waste her sweetness at a village fair.

Some nameless W—rd, whose master-wit repress'd  
The alehouse patriot's dull disloyal arts,  
Some bright untoasted H—rtf—rd here may  
rest—  
Some J—rs—y, guiltless of our broken hearts.

The Morning Post's applause to bear away,  
To tease the envious mob of aping cits,  
To scatter plenty at a *fête ornée*,  
To learn of statesmen, and to live with wits,

---

Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of their soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
The dark, unfathom'd caves of Ocean bear ;  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;  
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of listening senates to command,  
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
And read their history in a Nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : a power supremely wise  
 Their fate, their fashion, and their faults confin'd :  
 Forbade, to deal destruction with their eyes,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The modest throes of struggling truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 To vie with demireps in paint and pride,  
 And swell the calendar of evil fame.

Far from St. James's, far from all the Squares,  
 Their vulgar footsteps never learn'd to stray :  
 About St. Martin's Lane, or Lambeth Stairs,  
 They keep the noisy tenor of their way.

Yet, that ev'n these may taste their due delights,  
 Some Evening Tea-garden with holly fence,  
 From caxon'd quizzes, and from flounce-cloak'd  
 frights,  
 Obtains the tribute of their eighteen-pence.

Their lot forbade; nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind :

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muses' flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool, sequester'd vale of life,  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their cakes, their ale, brought by a tidy maid,  
 The place of venison and champagne supply :  
 And cocks and hens are clipp'd from yew-tree shade,  
 That meet their taste for rural scenery.

For who, in Nature's favourite month of June,  
 Seeks not the velvet of some verdant sod ?  
 Feels the warm ray of Sunday afternoon,  
 Nor casts one restless, roving look abroad ?

Tax'd carts unnumber'd roll through Bethnal Green,  
 By Hatchett's door a knot of coaches wait :  
 On Greenwich Hill are some smart ankles seen,  
 Even at the Horns some fearless husbands bait.

For thee, who, mindful of a friendless race,  
 Dost in these rhymes their little lives define,  
 If chance, when years have sped their silent pace,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire of thine,

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
 And many a holy text around she spreads,  
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,  
 This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd,  
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,  
 Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,  
 Dost, in these lines, their artless tale relate,  
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate ;

Haply some gentle dowager may say,—

“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn; ’  
 “ Kicking from painted floors the chalk away,  
 “ While sleepy chaperons would sit and yawn.

“ There, where the Palace fronts St. James’s Street,  
 “ And rears its old fantastic tow’rs so high,  
 “ The rattling carriages he loved to meet,  
 “ And gossip with the folk that babbled by.

“ From rout to rout, now laughing at the tricks  
 “ Of wayward jilts and dandies he would rove :  
 “ Now deeply wrapt in chit-chat politics,  
 “ Or slyly jesting on some corner-love.

“ One morn I miss’d him in th’ accustom’d walks,  
 “ Along the Park, and near his fav’rite trees :  
 “ At night he sate not in my Opera box,  
 “ Nor came to sup at Lady \* \* \* ’s.

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say :

“ Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 “ Brushing, with hasty steps, the dew away,  
 “ To meet the Sun upon the upland lawn :

“ There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 “ That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
 “ His listless leugh at noon-tide would he stretch,  
 “ And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 “ Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
 “ Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,  
 “ Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“ One morn I miss’d him on th’ accustom’d hill,  
 “ Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;  
 “ Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 “ Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :



Next morn I heard that, just two days before,  
 With a loved bride from busy Town he went :  
 Sit down with patience a few moments more,  
 And read a letter that he lately sent :

---

### THE LETTER.

Here lives, retired from all the haunts of men,  
 A youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown :  
 The Muses frown'd not on his early pen,  
 But Disappointment mark'd him for her own.

His heart was warm, and his ambition high,  
 But Heav'n decreed a safer, stiller life :  
 He gave to pomp and pow'r a parting sigh :  
 He gain'd from Heav'n a fond and faithful wife.

---

" The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 " Along the church-yard path we saw him borne;  
 " Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 " Graved on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

---

### THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,  
 A youth to Fortune, and to Fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :  
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,  
 He gain'd from Heav'n, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Nor wake his wishes for a world forgot :  
Here, in his rustic home he finds repose,  
And love and letters bless his lonely cot.

---

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode ;  
There they 'alike in trembling hope repose,  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

# THE SPEAKER'S DINNER.

A PARAPHRASE OF "RETALIATION," A POEM,

BY DR. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

OF late, when the pic-nics their parties invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united:  
If the Speaker will get us the loaves and the fishes,  
We'll serve up *ourselves* for the rest of the dishes.

Our L—v—rp—l's beef at the top let us find,  
Old England's famed diet for time out of mind :  
Let C—stl—r—gh's turtle at bottom be placed,  
Restoring the system, and pleasing the taste :  
And Gr-nv-lle's fat haunch in the middle be put on—  
The rump very large, but a taint in the mutton.  
Our C—nn—ng is salt : for his talents are such  
That they heighten the taste of whatever they touch,

OF old, when Scarron his companions invited,  
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united.  
If our landlord supplies us with beef, and with fish,  
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish.

Our Dean shall be venison, just fresh from the plains ;  
Our Burke shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains ;  
Our Will shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,  
And Dick with his pepper shall lighten the savour ;  
Our Cumberland's sweetbread its place shall obtain,  
And Douglas is pudding, substantial and plain :  
Our Garrick's a sallad, for in him we see  
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree :

While B—rd—tt resembles the onion that throws  
 A vulgar effluvium wherever it goes.  
 With a chicken well boil'd, gentle S—dm—th will  
     treat us,  
 And Cr—k—r shall serve for our Irish potatoes :  
 Brown stout shall be Wh—tbr—d, the dregs of the  
     cup,  
 And Sh—r—d—n, spruce, not sufficiently up.  
 Push about, Mr. Speaker,—I'll sit, if I'm able,  
 Till all these grave statesmen sink under the table ;  
 And while they are lying unconscious before us,  
 We'll talk of the men who have lorded it o'er us.

Now L—v—rp—I's Earl lies along at our feet,  
 Who was eloquent often, and always discreet.  
 If failings he had, he has left us in doubt,  
 Though the Whigs spared no trouble in finding  
     them out—  
 But Scandal has said, he had more admiration  
 For old-fashioned practice, than fresh speculation.

To make out the dinner, full certain I am  
 That Ridge is anchovy, and Reynolds is lamb ;  
 That Hickey's a capon, and by the same rule,  
 Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.  
 At a dinner so various, at such a repast,  
 Who'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last ?  
 Here, waiter, more wine, let me sit while I'm able,  
 Till all my companions sink under the table.  
 Then with chaos and blunders encircling my head,  
 Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, re-united to earth,  
 Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth :  
 If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,  
 At least in six weeks, I could not find 'em out :  
 Yet some have declar'd, and it can't be denied 'em,  
 That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here sleeps the bold Wh—tbr—d, whose temper  
 was such  
 That we scarce can admire or condemn it too much :  
 Who, born for high purposes, lower'd his mind,  
 And gave to a mob what was meant for mankind :  
 Who, proud in his nature, still wearied his throat  
 In wheedling a cobbler to lend him a vote :  
 Who, too wild for utility, wander'd so far  
 That his passion for peace kept him always at war :  
 Though equal to most things, for all things unfit ;  
 Too pert for a statesman, too coarse for a wit :  
 Untrue to the Talents, uncouth to the Regent,  
 And fond of all changes, howe'er inexpedient :—  
 So 'twas always his fate to find fault out of season,  
 Most strongly to speak, and most weakly to reason.

Here C—tl—r—gh lies, with a mind like the mint,  
 Exhaustless and sterling the stores that were in 't.  
 His well-bred demeanour still bore him along  
 Unhurt through a roaring and riotous throng,

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Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,  
 We scarcely can praise it, or blame it too much ;  
 Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,  
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.  
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat  
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a vote ;  
 Who too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,  
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining :  
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,  
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit :  
 For a patriot too cool ; for a drudge disobedient ;  
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.  
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,  
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,  
 While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in 't ;  
 The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,  
 His conduct still right, with his argument wrong ;

Where staunch to his duty, yet slow to offend,  
 He soften'd the means, but to strengthen the end.  
 Would you know, more at large, by what talents  
     he shone?  
 His country will tell you—for all was her own.

Here slumbers poor Sh—rry, whose fate I must  
     sigh at!

Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet.  
 What spirits were his, how elastic and subtle!  
 Now cracking a jest, and now cracking a bottle!  
 Now swift as an archer to tickle and gall,  
 Now strong as a phalanx to shake and appal!  
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,  
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at old Nick,  
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here S—dm—th reposes, whose virtues and parts  
 Were a light and a model to well-order'd hearts:  
 A friend of Religion, who made it his care

Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,  
 The coachman was tipsey, the chariot drove home;  
 Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;  
 What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;  
 Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!  
 What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!  
 Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!  
 Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball;  
 Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!  
 In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,  
 That we wish'd him full ten times a day at Old Nick;  
 But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,  
 As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,  
 The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;  
 A flattering painter, who made it his care,

To live as men ought to be, not as they are.  
 Yet perhaps he has sometimes exceeded the line,  
 And wire-drawn his measures too piously fine;  
 To a coming Millennium has fashion'd his views,  
 Or the ancient Theocracy mark'd for the Jews.  
 Say, where has his genius this malady caught,  
 Of reas'ning on man, as if man had no fault?  
 Say, was it, that tired of applying his mind  
 To estimate coolly the mass of mankind,  
 Quite sick of pursuing each versatile elf,  
 At last he grew lazy, and judged from himself?

Here B—rd—tt retires, from his rows to relax,  
 The scourge of all kings, and the king of all quacks.  
 O come, ye quack scribblers, and patriots by trade,  
 Come and weep o'er the spot where your member  
           is laid!

When, dreading the Tow'r, he distracted the town,  
 I fear'd for its safety, I fear'd for my own;

---

To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.  
 His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,  
 And comedy wonders at being so fine;  
 Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,  
 Or rather like tragedy giving a rout.  
 His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd  
 Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud,  
 And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,  
 Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.  
 Say, where has our poet this malady caught?  
 Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?  
 Say, was it that vainly directing his view  
 To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,  
 Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,  
 He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,  
 The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:  
 Come, all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,  
 Come and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines!  
 When satire and censure encircled his throne,  
 I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;

But wanting the aid of this giant detractor,  
 The press may yet cease its unclean manufacture ;  
 The lightnings of G—rr—w may slumber at length,  
 And the thunder-toned justice of Ell—nb'r—gh's  
                   strength ;

The Whites and the Hunts shall desist from sedi-  
                   tion, (a)

No leader remaining to spur their ambition ;  
 Pale Envy her taper shall quench to a spark,  
 And C—bb—tt meet W—thm—n, (b) and wail in  
                   the dark !

Here sleeps my Lord Gr—nv—lle, describe him  
                   who can,

A compression of all that was solid in man.  
 For *bottom*, confess'd without rival to shine :  
 For *head*, if not first, in the very first line.

---

But now he is gone, and we want a detector,  
 Our Dodds shall be pious, our Kenricks shall lecture ;  
 Macpherson write bombast, and call it a style,  
 Our Townsend make speeches, and I shall compile ;  
 New Lauders and Bowers the Tweed shall pass over,  
 No countrymen living their tricks to discover ;  
 Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,  
 And Scotchman meet Scotchman and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,  
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man ;  
 As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine ;  
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line :

---

(a) Editors of libellous Newspapers.

(b) A turbulent Linen-draper.



Yet, with pow'rs thus confess'd, and a lofty condition,  
 He was duped by his own over-weening ambition ;  
 Like Satan of old from authority fell,  
 And left service in Heaven for empire in Hell.  
 In foreign concerns he was skill'd to a wonder :  
 'Twas only at home he was fated to blunder :  
 For, straining too far to secure the command,  
 He cut off all hope from himself and his band,  
 Invited to pow'r, yet too proud to come in,  
 Unless he could storm what 'twas easy to win.  
 He cast his old friends, as a huntsman his pack,—  
 But found not the secret to whistle them back.  
 He loved popularity, swallow'd what came,  
 And the puffs of the papers he fancied was fame :  
 Till the fall of his cabinet humbled their tone,  
 And the shouts of their extacy died in a groan.  
 Long lauded by Journals and minor Reviews,  
 He paid for their praises by sending them news.

---

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,  
 The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.  
 Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,  
 And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.  
 On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting,  
 'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.  
 With no reason on earth to go out of his way,  
 He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day :  
 Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,  
 If they were not his own by finessing and trick.  
 He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,  
 For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.  
 Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,  
 And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for fame ;  
 Till, his relish grown callous almost to disease,  
 Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please.  
 But let us be candid, and speak out our mind :  
 If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.

Pamphlet-writers ! Reporters ! and Critics so grave!  
 What a commerce was yours, while you got and  
                   you gave !

How aptly, on *both* sides, the eulogy fitted,  
 When you were be-Junius'd, and he was be-Pitted !  
 But peace to his errors, whatever his fate,  
 For his former deserts had been many and great:  
 The measures of Pitt, as matured by his skill,  
 Shall plead his apology, happen what will ;  
 His lore and his science shall Shelburne approve,  
 And Windham and Burke be his colleagues above !

Here Cr—k—r reclines, a most smart, clever  
                   creature,  
 And ev'n Opposition allow him good nature.  
 He was true to his country, his friends, and his king:  
 Yet one fault he had ! a most scandalous thing !  
 Perhaps you may ask, was he wanting in spirit ?  
 Oh no, that was never an Irish demerit.

Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave,  
 What a commerce was yours while you got and you gave!  
 How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you rais'd,  
 While he was be-Roscus'd and you were be-prais'd !  
 But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,  
 To act as an angel, and mix with the skies:  
 Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill,  
 Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;  
 Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,  
 And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt, pleasant creature,  
 And slander itself must allow him good-nature:  
 He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper,  
 Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.  
 Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser ;  
 I answer no, no, for he always was wiser :

Perhaps a too bigotted Aristocrat?  
 I do not intend to impeach him of that.  
 Perhaps he would trust to the chance of the day,  
 And so became careless and indolent? Nay.  
 Then what was his failing? Come, come, let us  
     know it.—  
 He was—could he help it?—by nature a poet!

Here C—nn—ng is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a brighter or better behind:  
 His speeches were brilliant, resistless, and grand:  
 His character cordial, attaching, and bland:  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His wisdom our judgment, his genius our heart.  
 The terror of coxcombs, the wonder of wits,  
 He could hit all their blots, he could ward all their  
     hits;  
 When they blunder'd, and thunder'd, and smarted,  
     and swore,  
 He but quizz'd them the quicker, and cut them the  
     more!

Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?  
 His very worst foe can't accuse him of that:  
 Perhaps he confided in men as they go,  
 And so was too foolishly honest? ah no!  
 Then what was his failing? come, tell it, and burn ye,—  
 He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a wiser or better behind:  
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand;  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland;  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart:  
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
 When they judg'd without skill he was still hard of hearing:  
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,  
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

## PROLOOUE

FOR THE OPENING OF THE GREAT THEATRE, ST. STEPHENS,  
AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE SEASON 1813—4 \*: BEING  
A PARAPHRASE OF THE PROLOGUE FOR THE OPENING OF  
DRURY LANE THEATRE, IN THE YEAR 1747,  
BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

---

WHEN Europe's peril from her Gallic foes  
First roused the age, immortal Pitt arose,  
Each plot of many-colour'd France o'erthrew,  
Saved the old world, and overawed the new.  
Commerce beheld him stretch her golden reign,  
And jealous Whigs toil'd after him in vain :  
His lofty thoughts his lofty phrase impress'd,  
And admiration throb'd in ev'ry breast.

---

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.  
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,  
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

---

\* *Note.* This parody was written in 1812, at the request of a friend, to complete a series of political jeux d'esprit, which he was then publishing in one of the Newspapers.

Then S—dm—th came, accustom'd, from his youth,  
 To please by mildness, and succeed by truth :  
 His private honour graced his public parts,  
 Grew on our minds, and gain'd upon our hearts :  
 And general approbation gave the bays,  
 For none could blame, though many grudged their  
     praise.

Losing his votes, he made a sage retreat,  
 And gain'd, like Chatham's self, a titled seat.

At length the Giant Talents storm'd the skies ;  
 Alas, that genius is so seldom wise !  
 Rais'd by ambitious Peers, to them they bent :  
 Title was worth, and influence argument.  
 Wild Innovation then had many a friend,  
 Who marr'd the more, the more he sought to mend :  
 Rapid, and bold, they strove for lasting sway,  
 The Crown their plaything, and the State their prey :  
 Their Chiefs were able, their connections strong,  
 Their boroughs many, and their speeches long ;

---

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
 To please in method, and invent by rule ;  
 His studious patience and laborious art  
 By regular approach essay'd the heart :  
 Cold approbation gave the lingering bays ;  
 For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
 A mortal born, he met the general doom,  
 But left, like Egypt's Kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
 Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, nor Shakspeare's flame.  
 Themselves they studied ; as they felt they writ :  
 Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
 Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;  
 They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.  
 Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,  
 And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.  
 Their cause was general, their supports were strong ;  
 Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :

Till C—nn—ng gain'd the post of lofty Gr—y,  
And sainted Perceval partook the sway !

Sole and supreme, now Britain ruled the main,  
And Gallia trembled for her doubtful reign :  
From port to port her coward navy crept,  
Her Courtiers vaunted, but her Captains slept :  
Against a world in league, we strove alone,  
And England stood, though Europe was undone !

At last, in spite of Perceval's defence,  
We saw great W—rdle lay the ghost of sense :  
Seductive Cl—rke unblushing own'd her shame,  
And B—rd—tt, W—nne, and F—lkst—ne fix'd her  
fame.

But who the plans of Princes shall presage,  
And name the Statesmen of the coming age ?  
Perhaps, if skill could future lists explore,  
New Paulls, new Wh—tbr—ds still remain in store:

---

Till shame regain'd the post that sense betray'd,  
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,  
For years the power of tragedy declined ;  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.

But forced at length her ancient reign to quit,  
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit ;  
Exulting folly hail'd the joyous day,  
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
And mark the future periods of the stage ?  
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,  
New Behns, new Darfleys yet remain in store ;

Perhaps, where Pitt has shone, and Fox has glow'd,  
 D—g'n—n may fix his dull and dark abode :  
 Perhaps—if Heaven have doom'd the country's fall,  
 Here H—nt (*a*) may rant, or F—nn—rty may  
       brawl !

Hard is his lot, whom public duties bind  
 To bear the changes of the public mind,  
 To hear his reputation roar'd away,  
 And read the lying papers of the day.  
 Ah ! let not rank and worth be scandal's food :  
 The Cab'net wishes but the Country's good :  
 The country's course the country's means restrain,  
 And those who reign to bless, would bless to reign .

Then blame no more the influence of the Court,  
 Nor deem that wars are waged for Statesmen's  
       sport.

Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,  
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;  
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)  
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot, that here by fortune placed,  
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;  
 With every meteor of caprice must play,  
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
 Ah ! let not censure term our fate our choice,  
 The stage but echoes back the public voice;  
 The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;

(*a*) A person who offered himself at the last election as a candidate for Bristol, and during many days distracted the city with mobbing and mischief.

'Tis yours to-night to bid a hope commence  
 Of safer principle, and sounder sense :  
 To change the arts that irritate and vex,  
 For candid aids and salutary checks :  
 To judge the great by merits, not events :  
 And shine a light to future Parliaments !

---

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescued Nature, and reviving Sense ;  
 To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of shew,  
 For useful mirth, and salutary woe ;  
 Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,  
 And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.



## VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY THE EDITOR OF THE \_\_\_\_\_  
 NEWSPAPER, DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN \_\_\_\_\_  
 PRISON; BEING A PARAPHRASE OF THE VERSES SUPPOSED  
 TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK, DURING HIS SO-  
 LITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ,"

BY WILLIAM COWPER.

---

I AM tenant of nine feet by four,  
 My title no lawyer denies,  
 From the ceiling quite down to the floor,  
 I am lord of the spiders and flies.

Oh, Justice ! how awkward it is  
 To be griped by thy terrible squad !  
 I did but indulge in a *quiz*,  
 And the *Quorum* have sent me to *quod*.

---

I AM monarch of all I survey,  
 My right there is none to dispute;  
 From the centre all round to the sea,  
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.

Oh, Solitude ! where are the charms  
 That sages have seen in thy face ?  
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
 Than reign in this horrible place.

Dear scandal is out of my reach,  
 I must pass my dull mornings alone,  
 Never hear Mr. Br——m make a speech,  
 Nor get audience for one of my own !

The people, provokingly quiet,  
 My fate with indifference see :  
 They are so unaccustom'd to riot,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Personality, libel, and lye,  
 Ye supports of our Jacobin train,  
 If I had but the courage to try,  
 How soon I would sport you again !

My ranklings I then might assuage  
 By renewing my efforts to vex,  
 By profaning the rev'rence of age,  
 And attacking the weakness of sex.

---

I am out of humanity's reach,  
 I must finish my journey alone,  
 Never hear the sweet music of speech;  
 I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain  
 My form with indifference see ;  
 They are so unacquainted with man,  
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,  
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,  
 Oh! had I the wings of a dove,  
 How soon would I taste you again!

My sorrows I then might assuage  
 In the ways of religion and truth,  
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,  
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

A libel ! what treasure untold  
 Resides in that dear little word,  
 More rich than the silver and gold  
 Which the Bank is reported to hoard !

But the Bench have no bowels for pity,  
 No stomach for high-season'd leaven,  
 And, though we be never so witty,  
 They trim us when judgment is given.

O ye, who were present in Court,  
 In pity convey to me here  
 Some well-manufactured report,  
 Of a lady, a prince, or a peer.

Do my writings continue to tell ?  
 Does the public attend to my lines ?  
 O say that my Newspapers sell,  
 Though the money must go for my fines !

Religion ! what treasure untold,  
 Resides in that heavenly word !  
 More precious than silver and gold,  
 Or all that this earth can afford.

But the sound of the church-going bell  
 These vallies and rocks never heard ;  
 Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,  
 Or smiled when a sabbath appear'd !

Ye winds that have made me your sport,  
 Convey to this desolate shore  
 Some cordial, endearing report  
 Of a land I shall visit no more.

My friends, do they now and then send  
 A wish or a thought after me ?  
 Oh ! tell me I yet have a friend,  
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is the growth of a fib !

The astonishing speed of its flight  
Outstrips the less mischievous squib  
Let off on a holiday night.

Then who would not vamp up a fudge,  
When he knows how it helps off his papers ;  
Were it not—that the thought of the judge  
Overcasts him, and gives him the vapours ?

But Cobbett has got his discharge—  
*The beast* is let loose from his cover :  
Like him I shall yet be at large,  
When a couple of years shall be over :

For law must our liberty give,  
Though *Law* for a while may retard it :  
Even I shall obtain it, who live  
By sapping the bulwarks that guard it.

---

How fleet is a glance of the mind !  
Compared with the speed of its flight,  
The tempest itself lags behind,  
And the swift-winged arrows of light.

When I think of my own native land,  
In a moment I seem to be there ;  
But alas ! recollection at hand  
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,  
The beast is laid down in his lair ;  
Ev'n here is a season of rest,  
And I to my cabin repair.

There is mercy in every place ;  
And mercy, encouraging thought !  
Gives even affliction a grace,  
And reconciles man to his lot.

## THE INVASION OF RUSSIA :

A FRAGMENT WRITTEN TO ACCOMPANY A SERIES OF POSTHUMOUS

MOUS PARODIES, BY THE SHADE OF

DR. ERASMUS DARWIN.

---

Now, at their despot's potent call, advance  
 The warrior sons of regicidal France :  
 In thick'ning clouds their volumed myriads roll,  
 And brooding tempests gather tow'rd the Pole.  
 In tyrant pride their pigmy monarch stands,  
 Trains the huge host, and counts the glitt'ring bands;  
 Spreads his red standard to the winter's wind,  
 And dooms the fall of Moscow and mankind.

So, at the close of night, the lion wakes  
 To track his prey amid the darkling brakes :  
 Lolls his parch'd tongue, his straining eye-balls  
                   glare,  
 Fear in his voice, and famine in his air.  
 He leaves the darkness of his lonely den,  
 And steals insatiate on the haunts of men :  
 He seeks the fold, he braves the doubtful fight,  
*And death and terror track the car of night.*

So the red comet, bursting from afar,  
 Whirls his wide course, and speeds the wheels of  
                   war ;

Quakes the firm earth,—the boiling ocean rocks,—  
*And horror hurtles from his fiery locks.*

On speeds the despot : to th' incursive train  
 Receding Russia leaves her drear domain :  
 Wide through the waste th' invading cannon roars,  
 And Dneiper trembles in his swampy shores.

Lo ! through the ambient gloom of northern night,  
 What fires o'er Moscow wave their funeral light !  
 Her turrets crash, her antient bulwarks fall,  
*And crackling conflagration buries all.*  
 Farewell the hopes that cheer'd th' invader's toil,  
 Hopes of repose, of riot, or of spoil ;  
 From the waste walls again his bands are driven,  
 And all their shelter is the cope of Heaven.

Oh then what crazing care, what whelming woe,  
 Swept the mad projects of the tyrant foe !  
 'Tis winter all—the snows descend amain,  
 Crown the long hills, and clothe th' unshelter'd  
                   plain :

The veteran soldier, late so blithe and bold,  
 Feels the stern gripe of unrelenting cold ;—  
 Droops his proud step, his failing force gives way,  
 His eye grows dimmer, and his limbs decay.—  
 Horde after horde, the patriot bands pursue  
 Th' infuriate Captain, and the fainting Crew :  
 Urge the slow flight, assist the wintry death,  
 And strew their thousands o'er the blasted heath.

On Krasnoi's plain, in Beresina's wave,  
 The Flow'r of France has found an early grave ;  
 While, from the scene of carnage and dismay,  
 Th' imperial murderer speeds his selfish way,  
 Flies for his life, conceals his recreant head,  
 Forgets th' aspiring vaunt, and owns the chilling  
       dread.

So from the fold the fell hyæna flies,  
 Low'rs his arch'd back, and rolls his bloodshot  
       eyes ;  
 Th' avenging shepherds hunt him through the dell,  
 Gall his rough hide, and still his rav'ning yell ;  
 Faint and unnerved, he seeks the wonted glen,  
 And couches, trembling, in his gory den.

So the wan moon, when gravitation's might  
 Rolls the dark earth athwart her stolen light,  
 Obscurely sick'ning with the sudden wane,  
 Resigns the glories of her midnight reign :  
 The pallid planets feel the fearful gloom,  
 And worlds convulsed, await their doubtful doom !

## A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY:

BEING A PARAPHRASE OF A PASSAGE IN THE PLAY OF HAMLET,

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,

To woo, or not to woo—that is the question :—  
 Whether 'tis wiser in a man to suffer  
 The screws and pinches of a straiten'd fortune,  
 Or to take arms 'gainst some rich widow's suitors,  
 And, by opposing, beat them. To woo—to wed :—  
 No more :—and, by a wedding, say we silence  
 The creditor, and thousand barking pests  
 That snap at poor men,—though the consummation  
 Were little to be wish'd. To woo ;—to wed :—  
 To wed—perchance be henpeck'd !—There's the  
 rub !

For, in that unison, what jars may come,  
 When we have shuffled on the fatal yoke,  
 Must give us pause. There's the respect

TO be, or not to be—that is the question :—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die ;—to sleep ;—  
 No more ;—and by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep ;—  
 To sleep !—perchance to dream :—Aye, there's the rub ;—  
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause :—there's the respect,



That makes our celibacy last so long ;  
 For who would bear the plagues of poverty,  
 The fair's neglect, the coxcomb's contumely,  
 The dearth of dinner, and the mournful waste  
 That active Time in galligaskins wears,  
 When he himself might his quietus make,  
 With a gold ring ?—Who'd live a subaltern,  
 To drill and dress under a martinet ?—  
 But that the dread of something after marriage,  
 That knot indissoluble, from whose noose  
 No sufferer can be freed, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear our own mishaps,  
 Than fly to others that a wife would bring !  
 For Women do make noodles of us all ;  
 And thus, the bare design of a flirtation  
 Is strangled by the terror of a match,  
 And many a pleasant and free-hearted youth,  
 With this regard his courtship turns awry,  
 And shuns the name of husband.

---

That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurs  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,—  
 But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprizes of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

# PARAPHRASE

OF A PASSAGE IN THE PLAY OF THE TEMPEST,  
BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

---

Our parodies are ended. These our authors,  
As we foretold you, were all Spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air.  
And, like the baseless fabric of these verses,  
The Critic's puff, the Trade's advertisement,  
The Patron's promise, and the World's applause,—  
Yea, all the hopes of poets,—shall dissolve,  
And, like this unsubstantial fable fated,  
Leave not a groat behind!

---

OUR revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind!

## PINDAR, 12 OLYMP.

ON THE ELECTION OF WILLIAM (W. P.) L—NG W—LL—SL—Y,  
ESQ. INTO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

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## STROPHE.

GODDESS of the fickle face,  
Guardian of the Dandy race, (*a*)  
Fortune, fair daughter of delivering Jove, (*b*)

---

Σ. α. Σ. γ'.

ΛΙΣΣΟΜΑΙ, παῖ Ζηνὸς Ἐλευθερίε,

(*a*) Dandianum genus infra depingit poeta: quibus ipse adnumeratur P—lus. “Niger est;” *anglice*, the *black* Dandy.

(*b*) Perdoctum epitheton “*delivering*,” cognomen Jovis Eleutherii, h. e. *Servatoris* et *Liberatoris*, quo orta dea P—lum et liberavit et servavit. Postquam enim (sordidâ futuri solitudine, sapienter, ut docent philosophi, omissâ) alienum ingens conflaverat æs,—Fortuna, conjugem eximie dotatam adnectens, omni liberavit flagitatorum vexatione atque metu. Ex pugna item, ubi manus cum Hibernico adolescente conseruerat, eadem servavit intactum Fortuna, De hoc v. inf. Not. in Epod.

For wide-stretch'd Wanstead's weal I pray, (c)

Along whose park's adjudicated way, (d)

Plebeian feet again are free to rove !

Thine be the praise, since thine the care, (e)

When modest merit doth repair

From Erin's blooming bogs to Holyhead :—

The packet scuds : and, by thy favour led,

The well-knit suitors woo, and win, and wed,

The wealthy fair.

Nor less thine influence, Goddess, speeds

The rapid war of rival steeds,

Where famed Smolensko's beauties strike (f)

The learned of the Devil's dike ; (g)

Or dashing ladies, dressy belles,

Ἰμέρρι ευρυσθενέ' ἀμ-  
φὶ πόλει, Σώτειρα Τύχα.  
Τὴν γὰρ ἐν πόντῳ κυβερνῶνται θοαὶ  
Νᾶες, ἐν χέρσῳ τε λοιπὴροὶ πόλεμοι,

(c) *Wanstead*, ager P—li dotalis.

(d) *Scite*, *adjudicated way*; quia semitam antiquam, a P—lo plebi occlusam, iudices sententiā restituerunt.

(e) Aptè Hibernicos, dotatarum consecratores, includit poeta, quandoquidem de Hibernico agitur, consecratore dotatæ. Nec minus idonea equestris illa mox commemoratio, quum omnino equestrem esse P—lum satis constat.

(f) Hippodromo præstantem quis non novit Smolenskoniæ, Bunburinum celetem?

(g) Eleganter pro *knowing ones*. Fossa scilicet, prope quam equestri cursu contenditur, diabolo sacra.

With leather inexpressibles, (*h*)  
 In person ride the match, astride like fork,  
 And fix in deep amaze the Citizens of York !  
 Fortune, kind pow'r ! to thee alone  
 St. Stephens owes that well dress'd race,  
 Props of the Country and the Throne,  
 Hight Dandies in the modern phrase.  
 They, by thy grace endow'd,  
 Look down upon the crowd,  
 The toiling slaves of nether earth,  
 Th' unhonour'd sons of wisdom or of worth,  
 Whom windy hopes distract, or visions dark :  
 And self-congratulating, shrewdly mark  
 How far *thy* wealth, *thy* titles, leave behind  
 The riches of the heart, the honours of the mind !

## ANTISTROPHE.

Man has received from Heav'n no faithful sign  
 The embryo future to divine.

Καὶ γοῦρα βελαφόροι· αἱ γὰρ μὲν ἀνδρῶν  
 Πολλ' ἄνω, ται δ' αὖ κάτω  
 Ψεῖδ' ἡ μεταμύνα τέμνοι-  
 σαι, κυλίνδοντ' ἐλπίδες.

A. α'. K. θ'.

Σύμβολον δ' ἔ' πῶ τις ἐπιχθονίων  
 Πιστὸν ἀμφὶ πρᾶξις ἔσ-  
 σομένης εὖρεν θεῶθεν,  
 Τῶν δ' ἐ μελλόντων τετύφλωνται φράσαι:

(*h*) Delicatissimum hoc. Obliquè, pro verecundiâ, ad-  
 nuuntur femoralia. Braccis, ut fœminarum est, perquam  
 gavisâ Thorntonî chiliarchi amica, paucis abhinc annis, ipsa  
 per stadium Eboracense equisonis egit partes, eventu, ut aiunt,  
 haud infausto. Facinus etiamnum memorabile.

In sorrow oft the hopes of rapture close :  
 And often, from a cloud of woes,  
 The light of lovely joy begins to play,  
 And glories unforeseen illumine the op'ning day.

## EPODE.

Illustrious son of W—ll—sl—y P—le,  
 From danger thus thy lofty soul  
 Has sprung to sudden glory !  
 Who has not heard the story  
 Of that dire combat with the rival youth,  
 Which fix'd the credit of thy truth,  
 Won a rich maiden to thy love-sick arms,  
 And freed thy shoulder from the law's alarms ?  
 But for that hour  
 Of deadly stour,  
 When fire and smoke (*i*)  
 Revenged thy joke,  
 I ween thy golden dreams had all been vain,  
 And Wanstead's glittering halls had own'd another's reign.

Πολλὰ δ' ἀνθρώποις παρὰ γνώμαν ἔμπεσεν,  
 Ἐμπαλιν μὲν τέρψιος· οἱ δ', ἀναρᾷς  
 Ἀντικύρσαντες ζάλαις,  
 Ἐσλὸν βαθυὶ πῆματος ἐν με-  
 κρῶ πεδόμεν' ἔσαν χρόνῳ.  
 Ε. Α. Κ. Ι.  
 Ὅτι Φιλόνορος, ἦται καὶ τεῖά κεν,

(*i*) Prælii inter P—lum et Kilworthum de virgine Longâ  
 commissi, numquam emarcescet memoria. Certamine face-

Until the day  
 Of that affray,  
 Tilney's heiress shunn'd thy glances : (*k*)  
 Not a creature spoke thy praise :  
 Not a Dandy back'd thy chances,  
 From Newmarket to Watier's :  
 And every sniggering summer spark  
 Quizz'd the smart curricule that bore thee,  
 With twenty troubles pending o'er thee,  
 To share with C—tes's cocks the gazing park, (*l*)  
 And shew like him, a face, long, woe-begone, and  
 dark.

---

Ἐνδομάχας αἶτ' ἁλέκτωρ,  
 Συγγόνῳ παρ' ἑστία  
 Ἀκλεὲς τιμὰ κατεφύλλορόησε ποδῶν,  
 Εἰ μὴ σάσις ἀντιάνειρα  
 Κνωσίας ἄμερσε πάτρας.

---

tiarum inito, assidente Longâ, proci, bucolico more, sales diu  
 exquisitè alternabant. At Kilworthus, æmuli lepore pro-  
 caciore forsitan et aciori graviter lacesitus, tribus interpo-  
 sitis diebus, pugnam huic singularem indixit; unde incolam  
 mem se efferens heros P—lus, vîrgini magis placuit. “*Tam  
 Marte quam Mercurio.*” (Nominis Killworth etym. dub.—Ma-  
 lim *Kill-worth*, utpote qui *dignum*, scilicet P—lum, *trucidaturus*  
 esset. De dignitate tamen q.)

(*k*) Longa scilicet, adsestationis P—linæ tunc minime, ut  
 videbatur, studiosa.

(*l*) Mirè reddidit poeta, αἶτ' ἁλέκτωρ. Semper enim se  
 “*ad deos*,” etsi nondum “*terrarum dominus, evehebat*” P—lus,  
 “*pulvere*” & populo ad “*curriculum collectis*” Sic Hora-  
 tianam illam laudem meritus est, “*functus vice Coatis.*”

DE ART. POET. 304.

But now M. P. is written,  
 O P—le, behind thy name ;  
 And lo ! exulting Britain  
 Anticipates thy fame :  
 Thy greatness to compose,  
 Two of her shires go halves :— (m)  
 Wilts, eminent for clo'es,  
 And Essex, rich in calves !

---

Νῦν δ' Ὀλυμπίῃ σεφαινωσάμενος,  
 Καὶ δις ἐκ Πυθῶνος Ἰσθμοῖ τ', Ἐργότελες,  
 Θερμὰ Νυμφᾶν λετερὰ βασάζεις, ὀμιλί-  
 ων παρ' οἰκείαις ἀγέραις.

---

(m) In Comitatibus Wiltonia et Essexia sunt dominia, dos Longæ, quibus nunc potitus est P—lus. Vestitu, quo abundat Wiltonia, curiosum juvenem hinc colligimus. Sed quamobrem poeta, P—lum celebrans, vitulos inter opes Icenar præsertim nominaverit, adhuc latet: quum vitulus inter bestias neque indole neque ingenio sit nobilis. Displicuisset hoc forte P—lo, nisi perdoctus meminisset ipsum a Mæonide Ajacem asino adsimilatum.



## HORACE.

## BOOK IV. ODES 8, and 9.

To the Hon. \* \* \* \* \*

IF I were rich in classic gems,  
 In noseless heads, and headless stems,  
 Sleek limbs of Goddesses so sly,  
 And bits of Parian nudity,  
 Such as have, many a night, been lodgers  
 In the back-drawing-room of R—g—rs,  
 My friends should have the best antiques  
 Of Roman French, or Arab Greeks,  
 Etruscan vase, and Attic flaggon,  
 Jars more admired than real dragon;  
*White marble* for the cruel fair,  
*Bronzes* for those of easier air,  
 And specimeus of *col'ring* and *design*,  
 For members, studying in the patriot line.

## AD CENSORINUM.

DONAREM pateras, grataque commodus,  
 Censorine, meis æra sodalibus,  
 Donarem tripodas, præmia fortium  
 Graiorum:

And since those despot-thieves, the Turks,—  
 Those Goths of Athens,—must admit  
 His the best title to her works  
 Who shines the heir of all her wit,

On you, dear \* \* \* \*, at once should rain  
 The riches of the Parthenon,  
 By your possession to obtain  
 A rarer value than their own.—

But wealth, to suit such proud design,  
 I grieve to say, was never mine :  
 And you, whom Heav'n no less has graced  
 With lordly wealth than native taste,  
 Require no costlier gifts than those  
 A lowly Muse like mine bestows.  
 A Muse thrice blest, could she attain  
 Some breathing of that lofty strain,  
 Some drops of that pure eloquence,  
 Some flashes from that light of sense,  
 Which—her weak hopes in vain pursue,  
 And list'ning senates hail in you !

—neque tu pessima munerum  
 Ferres, divite me scilicet artium  
 Quas aut Parrhasius protulit, aut Scopas ;  
 Hic saxo, liquidis ille coloribus  
 Solers, nunc hominem ponere, nunc deum.  
 Sed non hæc mihi vis : nec tibi talium  
 Res est, aut animus, deliciarum egens.  
 Gaudes carminibus ; carmina possumus  
 Ponare, et pretium dicere muneri.

Not ev'n the scroll that C—nn—ng writ  
 O'er the too early tomb of Pitt,—  
 Not Bonaparte's sanguine boasts  
 Retorted on his trembling coasts,—  
 The swiftness of his winter-flight,  
 Nor blazing Moscow's saviour light,—  
 More clearly, brightly celebrate  
 The brave, the wise, the good, the great,  
 Than heav'n-born verse, th' immortal meed  
 Of high desert and gen'rous deed.  
 What trace had lived of Arthur's fame,  
 If bard had never sung his name ?  
 Or how, but by the strain sublime  
 Of fav'ring Scald in elder time,  
 Din Odin gain the heav'nly cope,  
 The blest Valhalla of his hope ?  
 The Muse forbids the great to die,  
 And gives them back their native sky !—

Non incisa notis marmora publicis  
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus ; non celeres fugæ,  
 Rejectæque retrorsum Annibalis minæ ;  
 Non incendia Carthaginis impiæ,  
 Ejus, qui domitâ nomen ab Africâ  
 Lucratus rediit, clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam Calabriæ Pierides ; neque  
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris  
 Mercedem tuleris. Quid foret Iliæ  
 Mavortisque puer, si taciturnitas  
 Obstaret meritis, invida, Romuli ?  
 Ereptum Stygiis fluctibus Æacum  
 Virtus, et favor, et lingua potentium  
 Vatum, divitibus consecrat insulis.  
 Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori ;  
 Cœlo Musa beat.

Thus yet, by Ossian's magic will  
 The ghost of Fingal walks the hill,—  
 Thus Pope, to soothe a belle's despair,  
 Has made a comet of her hair,—  
 And Lusia thus expects again  
 Her own Sebastian's fabled reign.

So proudly swells the ode to Censorinus :  
     For Horace had no squeamish shyness,  
 And spoke of verse in very boastful tone—  
     Particularly of his own.

    The very next example  
     Affords another sample.  
 Indeed, but for the variation  
 In metre and in dedication,  
 You'd think it a continuation  
 Of the foregoing lucubration.  
 And—feeling that, (in times like these,  
 When poets have so little chance to please)  
 Unless we give ourselves the honour due,

Sic Jovis interest  
 Optatis epulis impiger Hercules :  
 Clarum Tyndaridæ sidus ab infimis  
 Quassas eripiunt æquoribus rates :  
 Ornatus viridi tempora pampino,  
 Liber vota bonos ducit ad exitus.

And tell the town what clever things we do,  
 After the fashion set by Horace,  
 The deuce a soul will ever do it for us,—  
 I'll draw a little further on your patience,  
 And, through three stanzas more, pursue my imita-  
 tions.

Believe not then, that all we moderns write,  
 Will sink to sleep in unremember'd night.  
 Though potent J—ffr—y, just and bold in praise,  
 Critic with more than poet's fire,  
 Has well adjudged to C—mpb—ll's lofty lyre  
 The proudest wreath of modern bays,—  
 Yet B—r—n's deep and touching pow'r  
 Still shakes our nerves and sells the Giaour,  
 And so puffs up the windy brain  
 Of M—rr—y, vainest of the vain,  
 M—rr—y, Scotland's only dunce,  
 Whom, in a frantic humour once,  
 Fortune, (his friend by sympathy,  
 For Fortune squints as well as he,)  
 Exalted from his native dirt,  
 To publish for the great,—and wear a shirt,—

## AD LOLLIUM.

NE forte credas interitura, quæ  
 Longe sonantem natus ad Ausidum,  
 Non ante vulgatas per artes,  
 Verba loquor socianda chordis.

Non, si priores Mæonius tenet  
 Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent,

Publisher—and Critic too,—  
 Of the Q—rt—rly R—v—w !  
 Mulish in his witless will,  
 Drawback even on G—ff—rd's skill,—  
 M—rr—y, who, like the trading train  
     That soil'd the temple of the Jews,  
 Scrapes an unblest, illib'ral gain,  
     Ev'n at the altar of the Muse,—  
 M—rr—y, talent's thriving curse,  
 Poor of parts and proud of purse,  
 Reptile, whom evil fates have placed  
 In the fair paradise of taste,  
 To blight the tree of knowledge in its bloom,  
 Bruise young Ambition's heel, and sting her to the  
     tomb !  
 While Sc—tt, unrivall'd in success,  
 Still lords it o'er the groaning press,  
 And, by his bold and gallant air,  
 (For spirit always wins the fair)  
 Reaches each bright boudoir in binding rare,  
 And decks the scented shelf, and rose-wood Chiffoniere,  
 Others, who love unvarnish'd fact,  
 Feeling intense, and truth compact,  
 Will praise alone the sober drab,  
 The quaker verse of touching Cr—bbe.

Long, long shall M—re's delicious rhyme  
 Make ev'ry glowing heart his own,—  
 Yet happier, should the hand of time,  
 Efface the name of Thomas Brown,—  
 And long shall Mem'ry's bard be read,  
 And S—th—y wear his leaf of laurel,  
 M—ntg—m'ry boast his gilt death's-head,  
 And W—rdsw—rth clink his bells and coral.

Ev'n I too might escape in after days,  
 Oblivion's cold, irrevocable shame,  
 Would noble \* \* \* \*, too diffident of praise,  
 Permit my verse the-glory of his name.  
 Yes! like those spicy balms of orient bloom,  
 The potency of whose consecrated breath  
 Gave our frail race a triumph o'er the tomb,  
 Staying the livid canker-course of death,

Nec si quid olim lusit Anacreon  
 Delevit ætas: spirat adhuc amor,  
 Vivuntque commissi calores  
 Eolæ fidibus puellæ.  
 &c. &c. &c. \*

\* The imitation not being continued further, it has not been thought necessary to print the remainder of the original ode.

That classic name, emblazon'd on my page,  
Had charm'd these mortal numbers from decay,  
And freshly breathed upon their fading age  
The vital fragrance of perennial May.



# BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF HELEN.

FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

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## I.

PRINCESS Helen was born of an egg,  
 And scarcely ten years had gone by,  
 When Theseus, beginning to beg,  
 Decoy'd the young *chicken to fly* :  
 When Tyndarus heard the disaster,  
 He crackled and thunder'd like *Ætna*,—  
 So out gallop'd Pollux and Castor,  
 And caught her a furlong from Gretna,  
 Singing, rattledum Greek Romanorum,  
 And hey classicality row,  
 Singing, birchery floggery bore 'um,  
 And fol de rol whack rowdy dow !

## II.

The newspapers puff'd her each day,  
 Till the Princes of Greece came to woo her;—  
 Then, coaxing the rest to give way,  
 She took Menelaus unto her.

So said they, " Though we grieve to resign,  
 " Yet, if ever you're put to a shift,  
 " Let your Majesties drop us a line,  
 " And we'll all of us lend you a lift,  
 With our rattledum Greek, &c."

## III.

Menelaus was happy to win her ;—  
 But *she* found a cure for this passion,  
 By hobbing or nobbing at dinner  
 With Paris, a Trojan of fashion.  
 This chap was a stylish young dog,  
 The most jessamy fellow in life ;  
 For he drank Menelaus's grog,—  
 And then, d—mme, made off with his wife,  
 Singing rattledum Greek, &c.

## IV.

The Princes were sent for, who swore  
 They would punish this finicking boy ;  
 So Achilles, and two or three more,  
 Undertook the destruction of Troy.  
 But Achilles grew quite ungenteel,  
 And prevented their stirring a peg,  
 Till Paris let fly at his *heel*,—  
 And he found himself *laid by the leg*,  
 With his rattledum Greek, &c.

## V.

The Grecians demolish'd the city,  
And then,—(as the poets have told)—  
Dame Helen might still be call'd pretty,  
Though very near sixty years old.  
Menelaus, when madam was found,  
Took her snugly away in his chaise,—  
So, Troy being *burnt* to the ground,  
Why the story goes off with a *blaze*,  
And a rattledum Greek Romanorum,  
A hey classicality row,  
With a birchery floggery bore 'um,  
And fol de rol whack rowdy dow!

# APOLOGY

## TO THE READERS.

---

YE, who have deign'd thus far to scan  
     This motley page, these mimic lays,—  
 And haply smiled to trace the plan  
     Of happier bards, and better days,

Forgive a Muse, unskill'd, unknown,  
     If, in her faint and fault'ring swell,  
 She lose, too oft, that lighter tone  
     Which best became so frail a shell.

A bleak and with'ring world has dried  
     The playful vein of youth and glee,  
 And chill'd, like frost at morning tide,  
     The life-warm breath of extacy.

And if, in some romantic hour,  
     A poet's visions gleam again, ,  
 And fancy half dispels the pow'r  
     Of disappointment and of pain,

Too soon remembrance damps the glow—  
 Too soon that thrill of life is fled—  
 The failing soul forgets to flow,  
 And all is cold, and dark, and dead.

Then comes the sickness of regret,  
 The sad misgiving of the mind,  
 For hopes, so roughly overset,  
 And years, so swiftly left behind,—

Years, when this glitt'ring world was new,  
 And young Ambition hail'd the scene,  
 Press'd for the heights that crown'd the view,  
 Nor saw the dreary wastes between !

My earliest wish, my fondest pray'r,  
 Was but to serve my native land,—  
 Beneath a Statesman's eye to share  
 The praise and peril of command,—

To mingle in the warm debate,—  
 To check the rage of factious zeal,—  
 And learn the science of the state,  
 The sources of the public weal.

O ! I could lightly, proudly bear  
 All that such high pursuit might claim—  
 The anxious hours of lonely care,  
 And long fatigues that lead to fame !

But still to see that toil o'erthrown,  
 And still to labour and expect,  
 Yet still, unfriended and unknown,  
 To struggle with the World's neglect;

These are the trials that have bent  
 The temper of a constant mind:—  
 My heart is sad, my courage spent,  
 And glory's darling dream resign'd!

And therefore fails this falt'ring tongue,  
 And broken are th' unequal lays,  
 That faintly imitate the song  
 Of happier bards, and better days.

THE END.

### ERRATA.

Page 15, line 5 of the original, small type, for *spheres* read  
*spires*

- 19, — 3, for *cravin* read *craving*
- 23, — 3, for *takes both in* read *takes in both*
- 40, — 8, for *energetic* read *energie*
- of the original, small type, for *energetic*  
read *energie*
- 44, — 2, for *impressions* read *impression*
- 57, 58, inverted commas to the end.

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